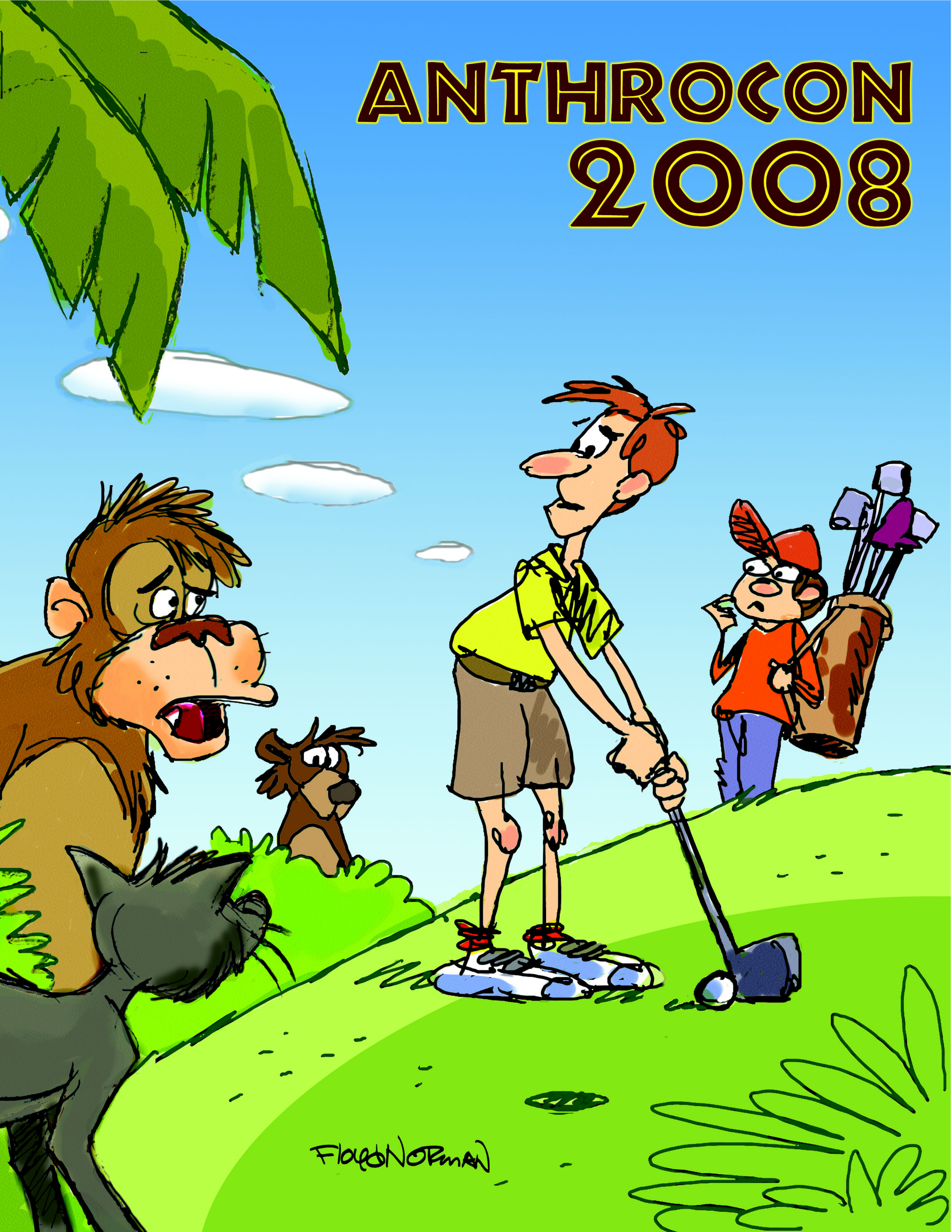
ANTHROCON 2008


FloydNorman

it's a JUNGLE out THERE

Pittsburgh
Pennsylvania
2008

DANCE!

thursday · friday · saturday nights
until 2am – SPIRIT OF PITTSBURGH BALLROOM

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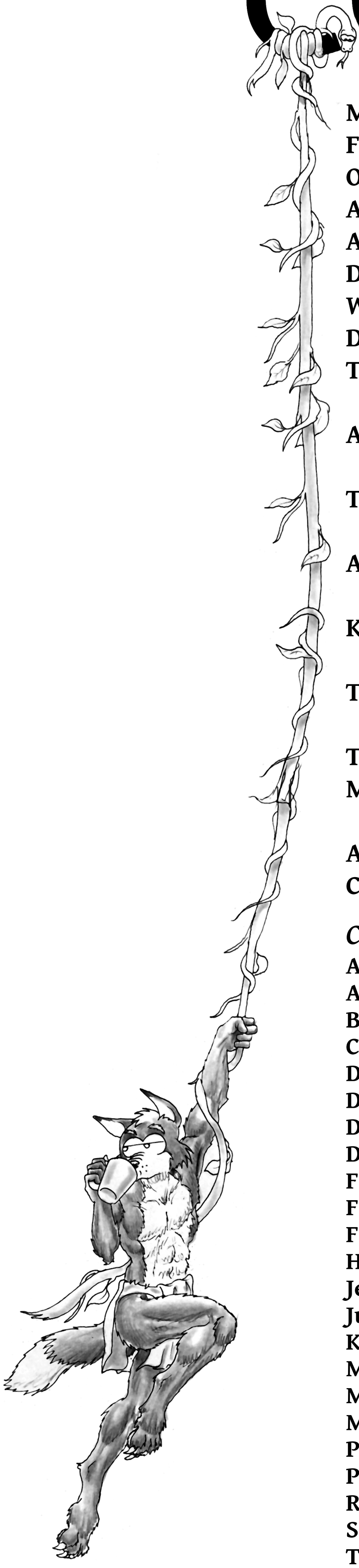
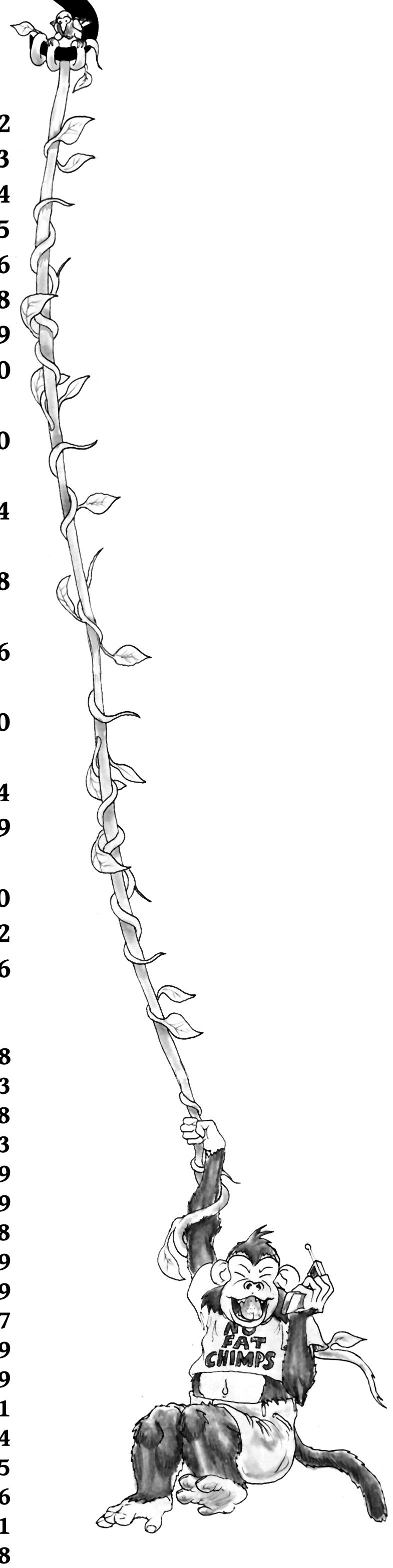


© Wolfie Darkwolfie



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Message from the Chairman

Dr. Samuel Conway, Ph.D

Welcome to the jungle!

That might well be what goes through the minds of the average Pittsburgh resident when wandering through the Golden Triangle this weekend, what with tigers and jaguars and other anthrofauna wandering alongside. Certainly it gives most people pause, but with few exceptions their reactions have been overwhelmingly positive. Pittsburgh has come to look forward to our little summertime gathering. The local establishments are already working on painting paw-prints on the sidewalk to guide our attendees in for a nice meal or a souvenir, and at least one of them is planning to stay open extended hours for the duration of the convention.

Indeed, Anthrocon has become something of a Pittsburgh institution, as demonstrated by a recent episode of the ABC comedy series *Back to You*, which follows the misadventures of a Pittsburgh area television news station. In this episode, one of the anchors finds himself assigned to the David L. Lawrence Convention Center to cover Anthrocon. Not just a generic furry convention, mind you, but Anthrocon itself! They made a little fun of us, but it was good-natured fun, more an acknowledgment of how much a part of the Pittsburgh scene we have become than anything else.

Our salute this year is to the animals that inhabit the jungles of our world (what few we have left). What better man to invite to join us than someone who worked on Disney's classic *The Jungle Book*? Floyd Norman has been officially recognized as a Disney Legend. He was the first African-American animator to work at Disney Studios, and his works include such beloved "Furry" classics as *Robin Hood* and *101 Dalmatians*, as well as countless cartoons and comic books. I first met Floyd when I was invited to lunch with past Anthrocon guests Scott Shaw! and Stan Sakai in Los Angeles. Floyd was the most charming and endearing fellow I had met in a long time. Scott made mention that Floyd would make a fine Guest of Honor, at which Floyd, ever modest, recoiled in horror and said, "Oh, no! Not me. Not any honor. No sir!" In accordance with his wishes, then, please join me in welcoming Mr. Floyd Norman, Anthrocon's first ever "Guest of O.K."

Also in keeping with our jungle theme, we are joined this year by an organization that offers aid to an often-overlooked castaway. Parrots require a tremendous amount of care and attention, and many people find themselves overwhelmed by their avian friends' needs and seek to turn them out. That is where Pittsburgh Parrot Rescue comes in, taking these beautiful fowl in and finding them good homes. Come to the Charity Auction on Saturday, and do not forget to swing by PPR's table in the Dealer's Room and drop off some of that dreadfully heavy money that you have been lugging around.

This year marks a personal milestone for me. Anthrocon 1999 in Valley Forge was my first convention where I served fully as chairman; Anthrocon 2008 will be my tenth time at the helm of this magnificent furry ship. A lot of people have congratulated me on the convention's success and called it "Kage's con," but please never forget that I am only the steersman. The real work is done by my one-hundred-plus crew of dedicated staff and volunteers. Without them there would be no Anthrocon, so if you have fun this weekend, please direct your praise in their direction.

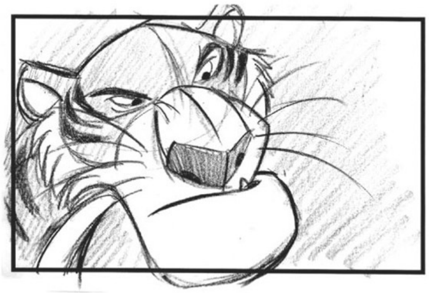
Welcome, then, to the jungle, and to Anthrocon 2008, the largest Furry convention in the world!

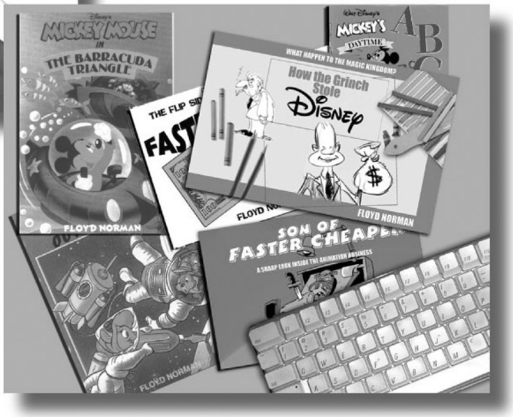
FloydNorman

Animation Artist and Storyteller

Floyd Norman began his career as an animation artist at Disney working on **Sleeping Beauty, The 101 Dalmatians** and **The Sword in the Stone.**

In 1966, he moved to Disney's story department to work on **The Jungle Book.**



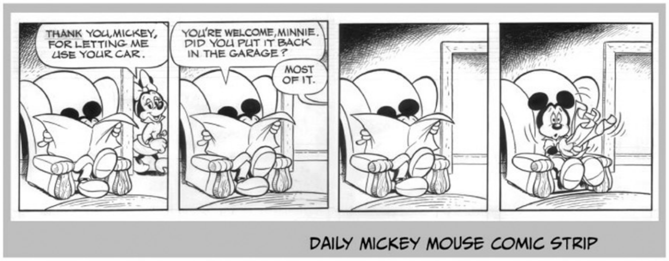

Disney's Mickey Mouse in The Barracuda Triangle
Walt Disney's Mickey's Daytime
What happen to the Magic Kingdom?
How the Grinch Stole Disney
The Flip Side
Son of Faster Cheaper
A sharp look inside the animation business
Floyd Norman

In the eighties, Floyd migrated to Disney Publishing to try his hand at writing comics and children's books.

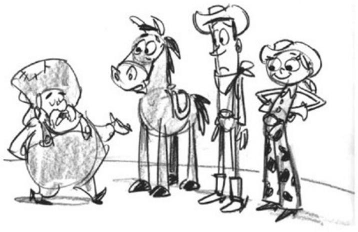
He also wrote the syndicated Mickey Mouse comic strip for King Features Syndicate.

After a ten year stint at Disney Publishing, Floyd returned to Feature Animation to do story development on **The Hunchback of Notre Dame, Mulan, Dinosaur** and **The Tigger Movie.**

In 1997, Floyd moved north to Pixar Animation Studios to begin Story Development on **Toy Story 2 and Monsters, Inc.**


THANK YOU, MICKEY, FOR LETTING ME USE YOUR CAR.
YOU'RE WELCOME, MINNIE. DID YOU PUT IT BACK IN THE GARAGE?
MOST OF IT.

DAILY MICKEY MOUSE COMIC STRIP



THE INCREDIBLES

Floyd continues to develop story material for Disney for the DVD market. He has worked on Disney's new **Cinderella** sequel, **Dumbo 2,** and **Kronk's New Groove.**

Floyd also did storyboards on Universal's **Curious George.**

Other Guests

Tom Smith

The only recording artist to appear on both NPR's *Sound and Spirit* and *The Dr. Demento Show,* Tom Smith combines high-energy folk rock, SF/fantasy, popular culture, progressive politics, cartoon voices, unbelievably bad puns, and the occasional recipe into a show you will never forget.

Tom Smith is *not* your ordinary filker, or even your ordinary comedy musician. With the lyrical complexity of Ashman and Sondheim, the vocal fireworks of Meat Loaf, the comedic timing of Robin Williams, and the dynamic physique of the Skipper from Gilligan's Island, the only thing he won't do is be boring. No one alive combines the musical chops, the bizarre yet somehow plausible premises, the catchy tunes, and the barrage of god-awful puns that Tom brings to the table. And no one is likelier to break your heart with one song, your head with the next, and your funny bone with the one after that. If you only catch one concert this year, well, you should get out more — and, when you do so, go see Tom Smith live!

Alexander James Adams – Faerie-Tale Minstrel

"From Dragon's flame and ire will come forth Phoenix fire, and we will hear the song once more!" —"Life's Flame", Heather Alexander

Unleashed from the land of Fae comes the heir to Heather Alexander's music and magic. A.J. Adams is a fiery Celtic fiddler with a compelling voice to enchant audiences of all ages. With songs and stories of the otherworld, Alexander James inspires his audiences to make their dreams come true and look for the wonders within. From tender love songs to rowdy brawls, gentle Irish airs to rockin' reels, A.J. brings ancient legends to the mortal world in true bardic style, proving once and for all, the magic never dies!

2 the Ranting Gryphon

"2 the Ranting Gryphon" is a professional stand up comic and political commentator and has been touring internationally for several years. Beginning his performance career in the 80's as a rock guitarist, then hanging up his instrument to become a Christian minister, his adult comedy style can seem somewhere between a spiritual lesson and twisted heavy metal song.

Through his comedy material, web site rants and weekly podcast, 2 has become known for his support of gays, free speech and fandom lifestylers — furries in particular. And, as a seven-year veteran of Anthrocon, 2 returns to the stage this weekend with brand new material that promises to either make you laugh or offend you... or anything in between.

Anthrocon 2008 Masquerade Info

Welcome to Anthrocon, the gathering of fans and professionals in the anthropomorphic community to discuss and be entertained by furry stories, events, and other activities. If you keep a close eye out, you might even see a *real* furry wandering around amongst the people!

But why search for them when we can bring them to you at the Anthrocon Masquerade? This event is designed to provide an atmosphere where costumers can entertain you with their design and performance skills.

The Masquerade will be held in the Spirit of Pittsburgh Ballroom on Saturday evening. For all costumers, there is a mandatory rehearsal for the show in the Spirit of Pittsburgh Ballroom on Saturday morning. Please consult your schedule or program for exact times.

A Fursuit Lounge will be available throughout the convention for costumers to escape from the crowds and recuperate in a private area. Please consult your convention map for its location.

If you would like to participate in the Masquerade, please either contact the Masquerade Director, Brian Harris, before the rehearsal or show up at the rehearsal on Saturday morning.

© David Hopkins

HELP THE PARROTS AND WIN PRIZES BY TAKING THE SURVEY IN YOUR CON BAG!

FOR EACH PERSON (FURRY AND NON-FURRY ALIKE) WHO PARTICIPATES IN THE SURVEY THE RESEARCH TEAM WILL DONATE MONEY TO THE PARROT CHARITY.

THE MORE SURVEYS SUBMITTED, THE MORE MONEY DONATED FOR THE PARROTS!

HELP THE PARROTS AND SCIENCE, PLEASE TAKE THE SURVEY. DETAILS ON THE LETTER ATTACHED TO THE SURVEY IN YOUR CON BAG or VISIT US AT TABLES B20-22 IN THE DEALERS' ROOM...LOOK FOR THE BALLOONS!

Anthrocon 2008 Charity Auction

For benefit of Pittsburgh Parrot Rescue

The genre of anthropomorphics is a field that deals heavily in the thematic appreciation of animals crossed to varying degrees with humans to design fantastic, intelligent characters and marvelous new imaginary species. However, we should never overlook the real-life counterparts to this mix and assist our animal friends in any way we can to ensure a better future for all of us.

This year, Anthrocon has chosen to support Pittsburgh Parrot Rescue, an exotic bird rescue and shelter outside of Pittsburgh, PA. The following explains their operations:

Pittsburgh Parrot Rescue was created because of an increasing need for a safe haven for unwanted, lost, neglected and abused pet birds in the Pittsburgh area. PPR is a 501(c)3 non-profit organization comprised entirely of dedicated volunteers who take pet birds into our homes until we can find new permanent homes for them. We are a *no-kill* shelter.

Roberta Weisensee, the founder of Pittsburgh Parrot Rescue, realized as a volunteer at the National Aviary in Pittsburgh for many years that Pittsburgh lacked a safe place for unwanted pet birds. The local shelters do not have the knowledge to handle birds and their facilities are not equipped to house birds, especially the larger parrot species.

Parrots are now the third most popular pet, with an estimated fifteen to sixteen million in our homes. However, most people don't research the needs of pet birds before they acquire one. Everyone wants a parrot because they are so colorful and some have the ability to talk. What people don't realize is the amount of time and money it takes to make a parrot into a great companion. Parrots, especially the larger species, aren't good pets for everyone. They are very loud, very messy, and can be quite dangerous in the wrong hands. Parrots, other than the budgie, are only two to three generations from the wild and maintain most of their natural instincts. Some of these instincts; such as mating, breeding, and territoriality; can cause many problems in our homes. Unlike with dogs and cats, it is not possible to spay or neuter a parrot to lessen these behaviors. It takes time and commitment to train parrots properly to be a good pet.

Pittsburgh Parrot Rescue conducts monthly education seminars open to the public to teach people about the specialized care that is required to keep their pet birds healthy and happy. Our education seminars focus on health care, housing, proper nutrition, and in depth information on parrot behavior problems. In addition, we provide individual counseling services to those who are experiencing behavior problems with their feathered friend.

PPR is always in need of dedicated volunteers for a wide variety of jobs that include: foster parenting; public speaking; writers to create pamphlets, grant proposals, letters and quarterly newsletters; event/seminar planners; experienced bird trainers; and general all around helpers to care for birds awaiting adoption.

PPR relies solely on public donations, membership fees, and small adoption fees to carry out our mission. One hundred percent of all donations go back into the organization to provide medical care, nutritious food, and plenty of toys to keep the homeless birds happy. Medical care can be quite expensive since birds are considered exotics and need specialized care. The cost to feed the birds is on the rise every year, especially organic fruits and vegetables. Without enough funding we are limited to how many birds we can help.

PPR's dream was to buy a building to house a sanctuary and education center. Due to a lack of funding, that dream has not come true. Now our hope is to find an inexpensive store front to open a small education center.

PPR's hope for the future is that there will be fewer large parrots bred and sold as pets. They don't belong in a cage in our living rooms. They belong flying free in the jungles. Unfortunately, many parrots are endangered in the wild, some on the verge of extinction. Everyone should support every effort to save the rainforests and all the creatures big and small living in them.

Pittsburgh Parrot Rescue's representative, Roberta Weisensee, can be reached by phone at (412) 761-2268, email at zazubird@prodigy.net, or by visiting PPR's homepage at *www.pittsburghparrotrescue.org*

Pittsburgh Parrot Rescue's representatives will be on hand during the Charity Auction to receive bidders' payments. Anthrocon staff does not handle auction payments. Pittsburgh Parrot Rescue's representatives will also be in the Dealers' Room where you can receive further information on their organization and speak with them outside the Charity Auction.

The Anthrocon Charity Auction will be supporting this beneficial charity by auctioning items donated by artists, creators, and other generous donors who have provided us with artwork, merchandise, and other original material not available anywhere else at Anthrocon without requesting anything in return to help raise money for this year's chosen charity.

Last year, Anthrocon raised over six-thousand, six-hundred dollars—five thousand through the Charity Auction—for Animal Friends. Since 1997, Anthrocon has raised over $73,000 for various charities, including Therapy Dogs, Whiskers, the Great Valley Nature Center, the National Greyhound Adoption Program, Reins of Life, Canine Partners for Life, Support Our Shelters, Forgotten Felines & Fidos, Greater Philadelphia Search & Rescue, and the Western Pennsylvania National Wild Animal Orphanage.

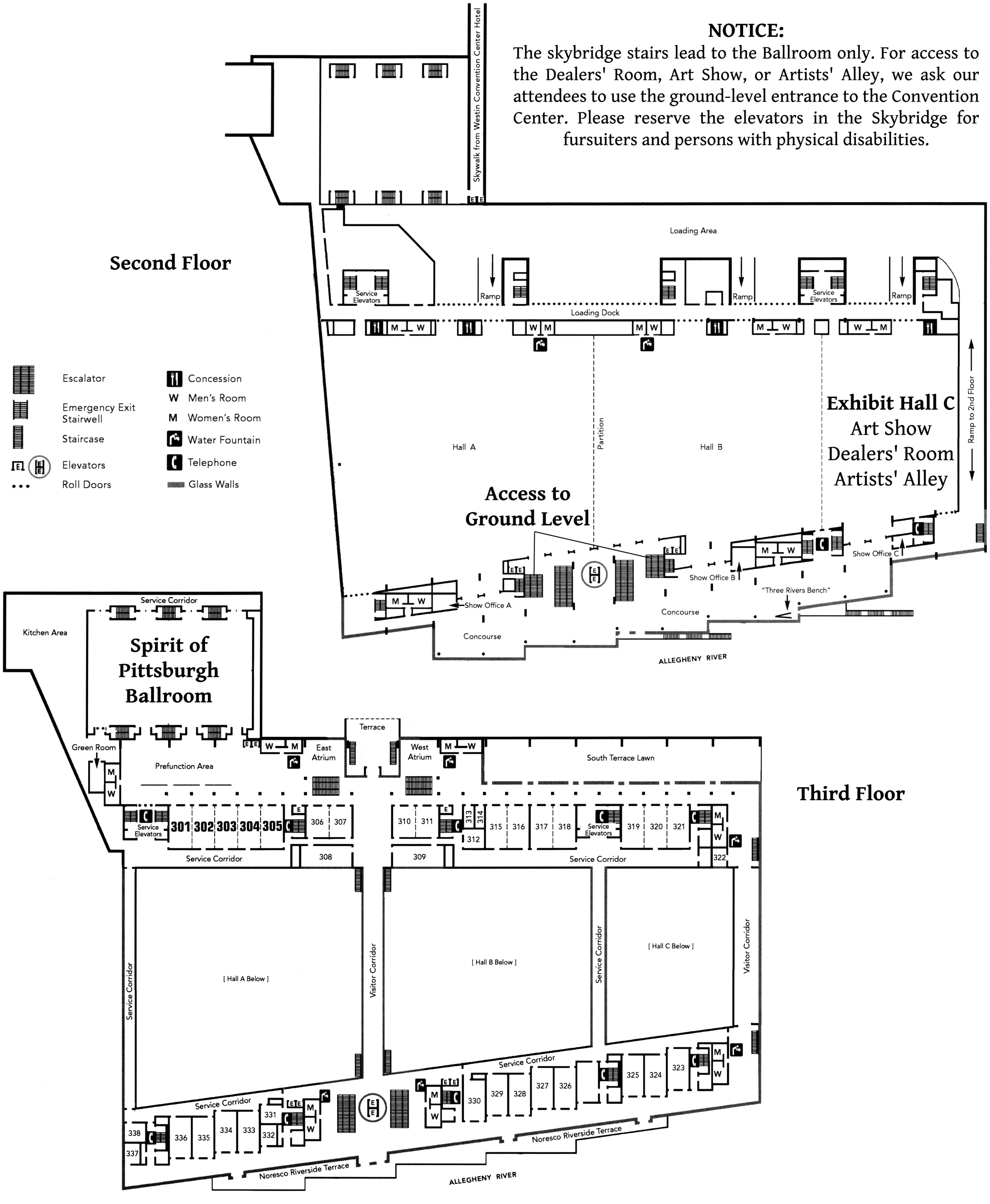
Before the Charity Auction, items that have already been donated will be on display outside the Allegheny I Ballroom in the Westin. The Charity Auction itself will begin on Saturday afternoon (please consult your program or schedule) and will run for approximately two hours. Donated items and services will be offered in the Charity Auction for bargain prices designed to stimulate your interest in donating to a worthy cause as well as receiving a quality product that you won't be able to find anywhere else at Anthrocon.

Bidder information sheets are included in your registration bags for your perusal. If you feel you would like to participate by donating an item to the Charity Auction to be sold, see the Charity Auction Director, Brian Harris, before the event.

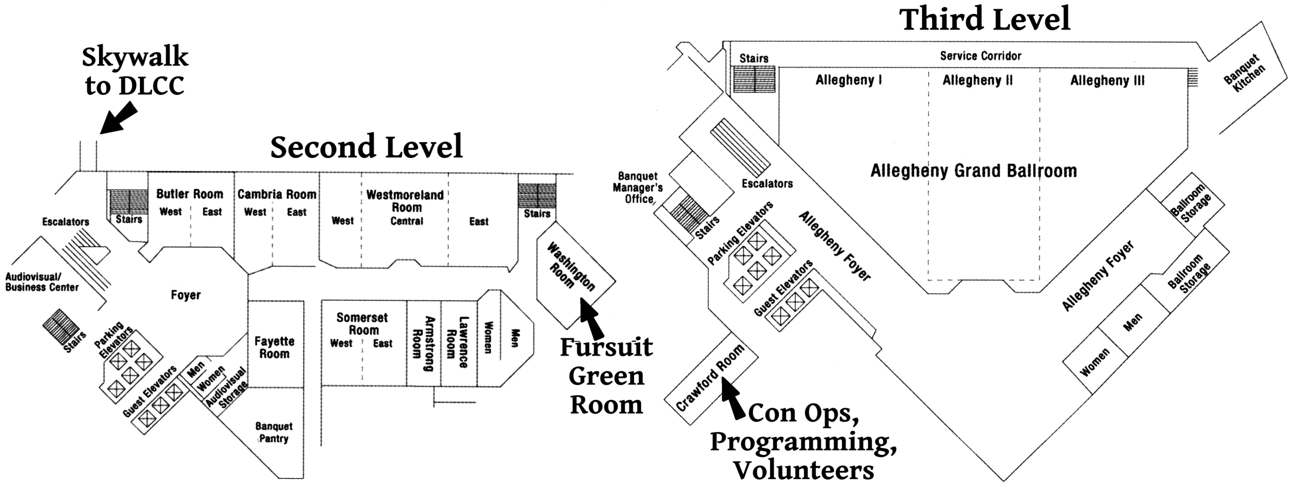
Please help us support Pittsburgh Parrot Rescue by joining us for the 2008 Anthrocon Charity Auction on Saturday afternoon.

David L. Lawrence Convention Center Floorplan

NOTICE:
The skybridge stairs lead to the Ballroom only. For access to the Dealers' Room, Art Show, or Artists' Alley, we ask our attendees to use the ground-level entrance to the Convention Center. Please reserve the elevators in the Skybridge for fursuiters and persons with physical disabilities.


Skywalk from Westin Convention Center Hotel
Second Floor
Loading Area
Service Elevators
Ramp
Loading Dock
Ramp
Service Elevators
Ramp
Escalator
Emergency Exit Stairwell
Staircase
Elevators
Roll Doors
Concession
W Men's Room
M Women's Room
Water Fountain
Telephone
Glass Walls
Hall A
Partition
Hall B
Exhibit Hall C
Art Show
Dealers' Room
Artists' Alley
Ramp to 2nd Floor
Access to Ground Level
Show Office A
Show Office B
Show Office C
"Three Rivers Bench"
Concourse
Concourse
ALLEGHENY RIVER
Service Corridor
Kitchen Area
Spirit of Pittsburgh Ballroom
Green Room
Prefunction Area
Terrace
East Atrium
West Atrium
South Terrace Lawn
Third Floor
Service Elevators
301 302 303 304 305
306 307 308
309 310 311 312 313 314
315 316 317 318
Service Elevators
319 320 321 322
Service Corridor
Service Corridor
Service Corridor
[Hall A Below]
Visitor Corridor
[Hall B Below]
Service Corridor
[Hall C Below]
Visitor Corridor
Service Corridor
Service Corridor
323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330
331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338
Noresco Riverside Terrace
Noresco Riverside Terrace
ALLEGHENY RIVER

Westin Hotel Floorplan


Skywalk to DLCC
Second Level
Stairs
Butler Room
West
East
Cambria Room
West
East
Westmoreland Room
West
Central
East
Stairs
Escalators
Audiovisual/ Business Center
Foyer
Stairs
Parking Elevators
Guest Elevators
Men
Women
Audiovisual Storage
Fayette Room
Banquet Pantry
Somerset Room
West
East
Armstrong Room
Lawrence Room
Women
Men
Washington Room
Fursuit Green Room
Third Level
Stairs
Service Corridor
Allegheny I
Allegheny II
Allegheny III
Banquet Kitchen
Allegheny Grand Ballroom
Banquet Manager's Office
Escalators
Stairs
Parking Elevators
Guest Elevators
Allegheny Foyer
Crawford Room
Con Ops, Programming, Volunteers
Allegheny Foyer
Ballroom Storage
Ballroom Storage
Men
Women

HUNGRY?

© Fenris Lorsrai

The Dining Guide, found in your registration bag, includes maps of the local urban jungle for easy foraging.

ART SHOW HOURS

Friday, June 27

10am	Artist check-in begins
2-6pm	Art Show open to bidders
9-11pm	Artists' & Dealers' Reception (by invitation or ribbon only)

Saturday, June 28

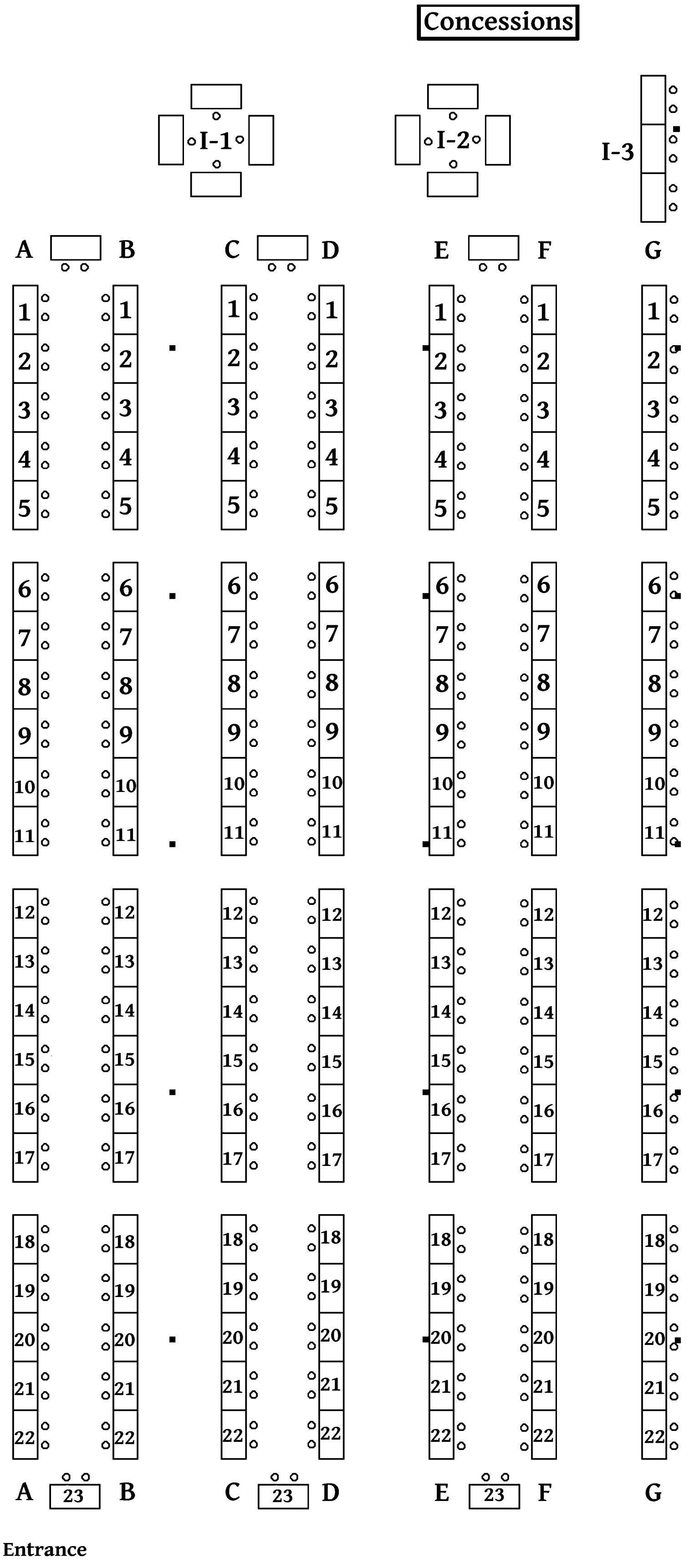
10am-6pm	Art Show open to bidders
6pm	Mature Gallery written bidding closes
11pm	Mature Gallery voice auction begins

Sunday, June 29

10am-Noon	General Gallery open to bidders
Noon	General Gallery written bidding closes
1pm	General Gallery voice auction begins
2-5pm	Sales, artist check-out

© Diana Harlan Stein

Dealers' Room Layout



Listed below are the dealers who are confirmed as of May 28, 2008. Table locations are denoted by a letter followed by a number. This represents the row (A through G) and the table number in that row (1 through 23). An A or B after the table number indicates that the dealer has a half-table.

Dealer Name	**Table(s)**
0backbone productions	C03
2, The Ranting Gryphon	B07
Alik's Cosplay	C16
Alik's Cosplay	C17
Alphafox Illustration	E16
Alphafox Illustration	E17
Angry Viking Press	A20
art by jill0r	D18
Art by Susan Van Camp	C10
Art by Susan Van Camp	C11
Art of Ursula Vernon	C08
ArtSpots	E01
ArtSpots	E02
Aura and Yunicoon	D14
Axer Industries	D10
Bagheera	C09
Beastly Bahamut Creations	E07
Beiro And Karno	B12
Blitzava	B14
Blotch	F15
Bonk	C04
Brian and Tracy Reynolds	D08
Bushycat	G11
Caribou Ink	F02
Catnip Products	G14
Chris "Havoc" Sealy	E08
Chucky's Art & Comics	B03
Club Stripes	A08
Club Stripes	A09
Coyote Moon Studios	B06
Crafty As A Coyote	C07
Dark Natasha	F01
Diana Harlan Stein	F04
dingbat	D18
DreamKeepers	B17
Dustwing	D04
ECMajor	B08
Eric Schwartz Productions	E10
Evol	E14
Eye-Level Entertainment	B16
F. Zone	G08

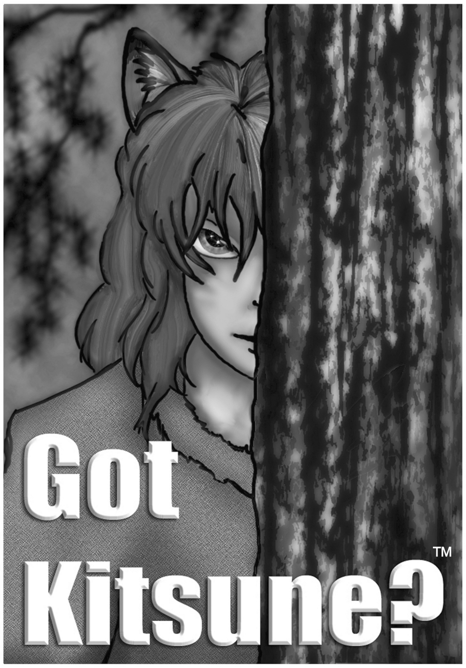
Dealer Name	Table(s)
Fantasy Illustration by Little Paw	G01
Fate Laughing Illustration	G06
Featherdust Studios	C06
Felitaur Enterprises	A15
Fennec - YIP!	F14
Flying Horse Head Studios	B01
Fossil The Undead Anthrosaur Artist	E05
Foxy Tangerine	F14
Frankenshoe	E12
FurPlanet Comics	G18
FurPlanet Comics	G19
FurPlanet Comics	G20
Furprint	F22
Furry Survey Zone	B20
Furry Survey Zone	B21
Furry Survey Zone	B22
FurryThreads.com	A06
Fursuit Figurines	A12
Fuzzy Outfitters	E03
Gideon's Corral	A07
Griffin Park Studio	E06
Gunmouth Graphics	D09
Heather Bruton	G03
HollyAnn	B10
Honeck Sculpture	A18
Honeck Sculpture	A19
imaginARy studio	A03
Jack vs. Vinci & Arty	F08
Jack vs. Vinci & Arty	F09
Jen "Spunky" Seng	E08
Kabangeh Animation	D03
Kae Mantis	D17
Kamilya	B08
Kitsumi	A11
Kyote Illustrations	C02
Light Bright Studios	G04
Lizardbeth - Iguana Girl Studios	E11
Louie Furrywolfy and Bios	A04
Louie Furrywolfy and Bios	A05
M&T Comics And Cards	D01
M&T Comics And Cards	D02
Marci McAdam	F03
Mary Mouse - Mice Comics	A00B
Meesh	C15
Meg Lyman Illustration	B09
Minotaur Comics	B15
Mitsu	A14
Mitternacht Studios	B14
Naturally Strange Studios	B02
NeLanen's Perch	A02
NightWing Galleries	A01
NorthFur FX & Mascots	A21
NorthFur FX & Mascots	A22
Northwest Furry Trading Co. Ltd.	D12
Notonigon Studios (Maggock)	B11
Offworld Designs	I1
Onezumi.com	E13
P_Moss Fox	D16
Panhandelur Film and Animation	E00F
Papaya Arts	A14
Permanent Paws by D. Bruin	I2
Phil Morrissey Art	F06
Pittsburgh Parrot Rescue	A23B
Positive Elegance Studios	B18
Quaylak - Savage Turtle Studios	C12
Rabbi Tom	F16
Rabbi Tom	F17
Rabbit Valley® Comics	E20
Radio Comix	D06
RCSI Publishing	B13
Regal Pewter	F10
Regal Pewter	F11
Rog Minotaur	E19
Roz Gibson	D07
Sabretoothed Ermine	E15
Sandy Schreiber	G05
Sanguine Productions	E22
Sanguine Productions	E23F
ScullyRaptor	E05
Sea Fire Productions	D22
Shanda Fantasy Arts	A16
Shanda Fantasy Arts	A17
Shawntae Howard	B19
Silver Sky Studio	D05
SilverOrb Studios	D04
Skulldog Studio	A01
Skulldog Studio	B06
Sofawolf Press	G12
Sofawolf Press	G13
Solid Asp	E07
Stan Sakai	D20
Steven Martin Studio	G09
Steven Martin Studio	G10
stolenmakebelieve	D15
Studio Maki Productions	C19
Studio Maki Productions	C20
Studio Maki Productions	C21
Sub-Level 03	E18
Sunsetdragon.com	D05
Synnabar Graphics	C14
Tamen	C01
TentacleFriendly	C05
Tenth Planet Art	E04
The Dragon's Lair	I3
The Gneech/Bill Hollbrook	G15
The Gneech/Bill Hollbrook	G16
The Gneech/Bill Hollbrook	G17
Tiger Torre Art	G22
Tiki Man Graphics	A10
TJA Productions (The Jab Archives)	F12
TJA Productions (The Jab Archives)	F13
Tod Wills	A03
Tom Smith	C00D
Touch My Badger	C13
Twilight 316 Studios	F20
Twilight 316 Studios	F21
Umgotts Studio (OMGWTF!)	A13
United Paws Animations, Inc.	D13
Vince Suzukawa	G14
Vulpine Studios	D11
White Wolf Creations	E09
Wolfie's Pack Productions	F07
XianJaguar	G02
Yiffer's Dome	B07
Zdenek Multimedia	F18
Zdenek Multimedia	F19

DEALERS' ROOM HOURS:

Friday: 12:00 noon – 5:00 pm
Saturday: 10:00 am – 5:00 pm
Sunday: 10:00 am – 4:00 pm

DEALER SETUP:

Thursday: 3:00 pm – 9:00 pm
Friday: 10:00 am – 12:00 noon
Saturday: 9:30 am – 10:00 am
Sunday: 9:30 am – 10:00 am



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The Heart of a Fox
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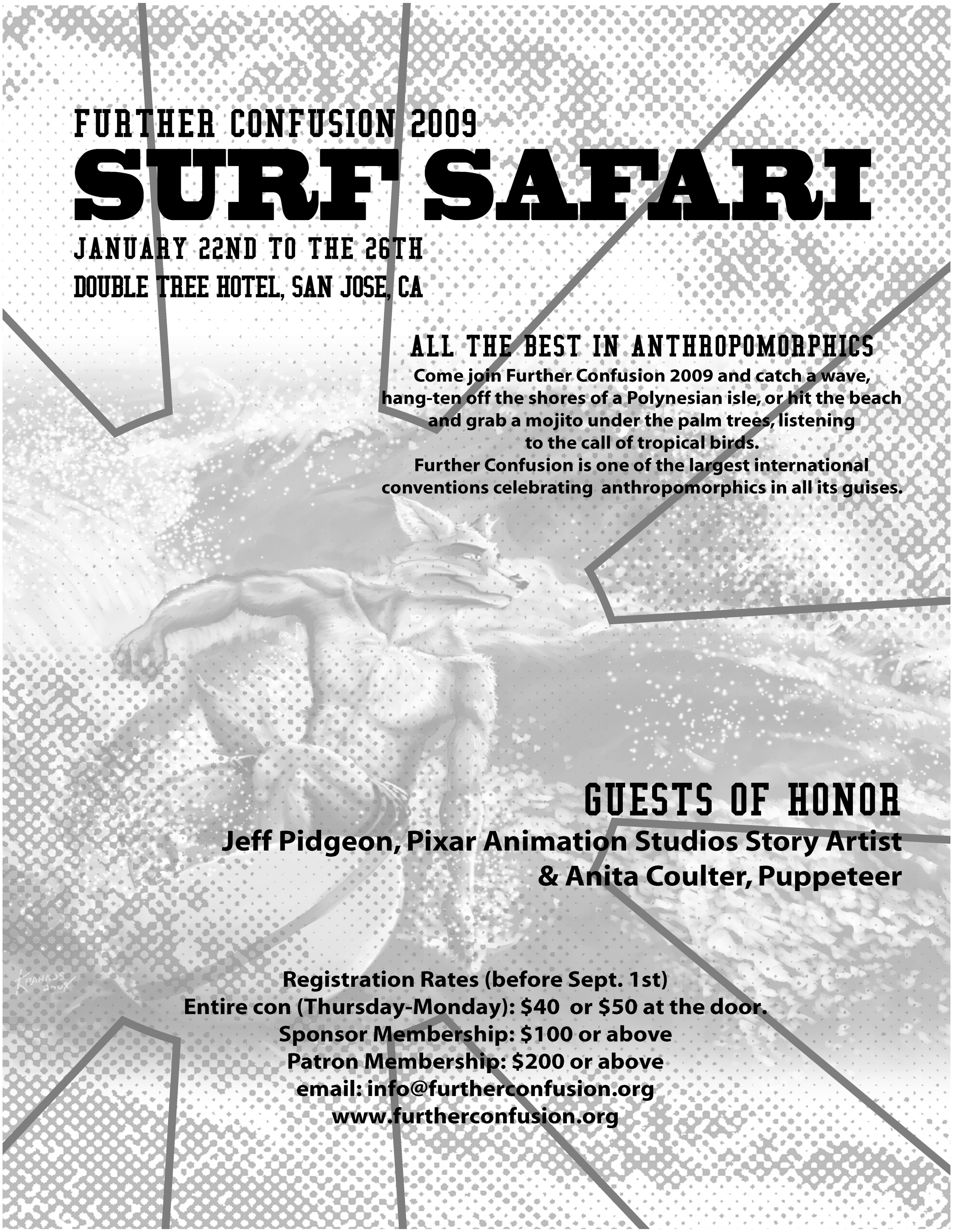

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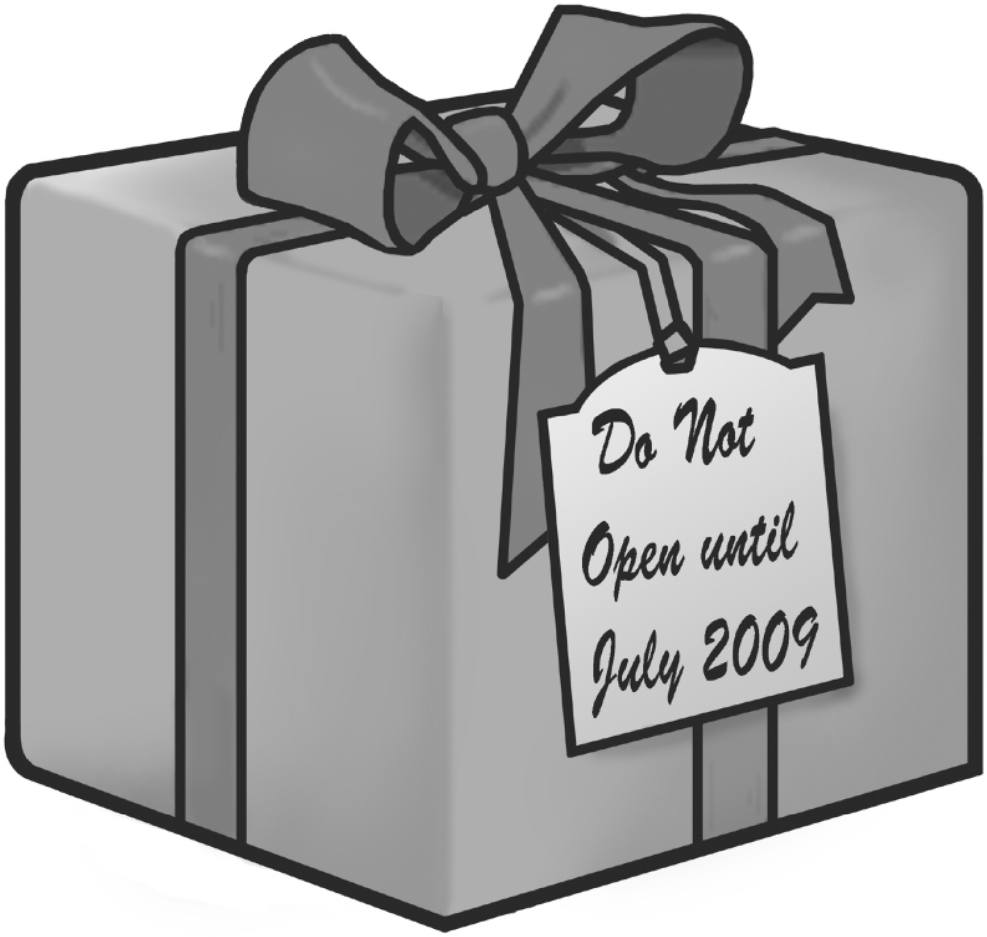
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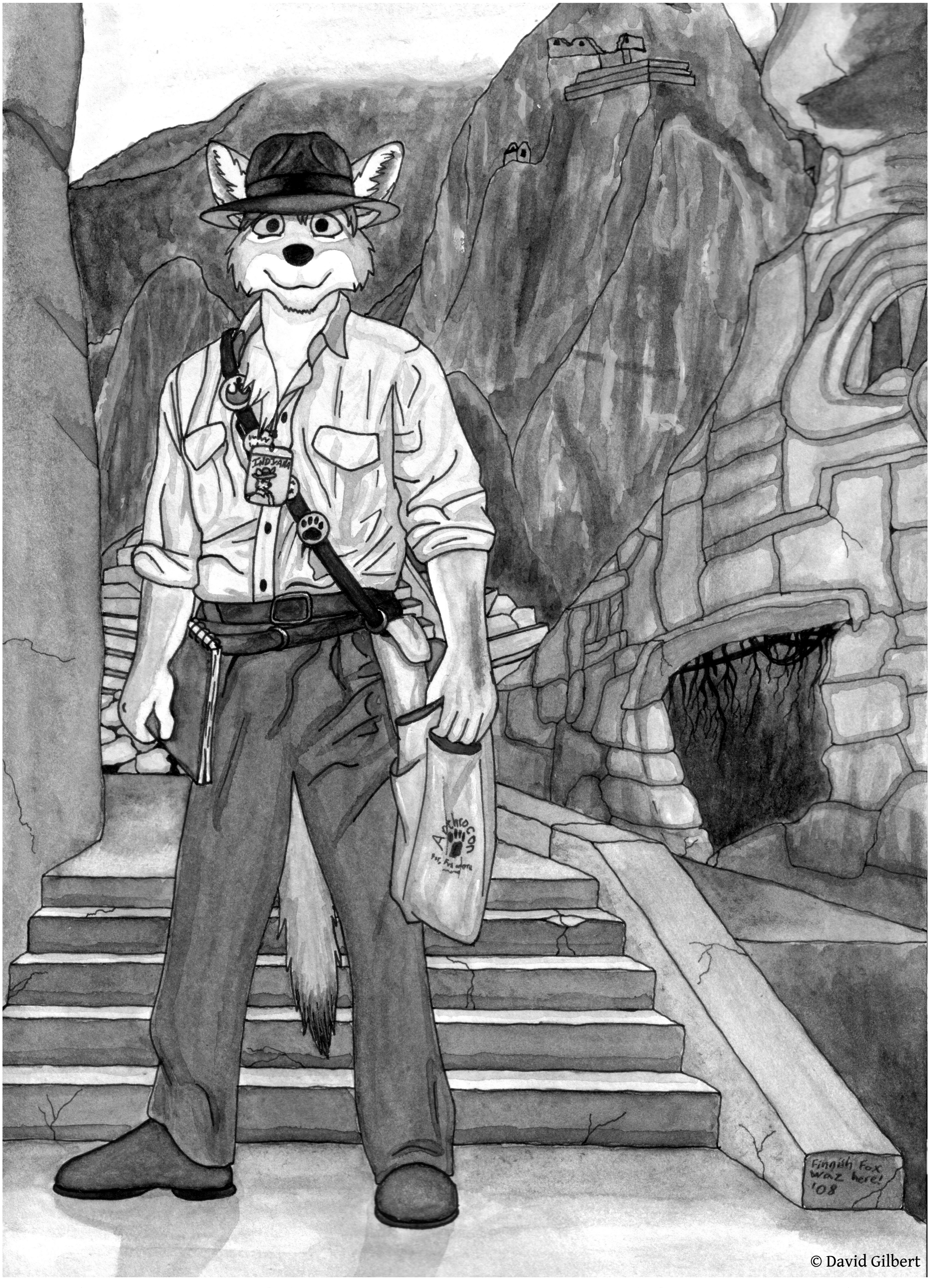
INDIANA
Anthrocon
Finnish Fox waz here! '08

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The Source

Bill "Hafoc" Rogers

I'm sure humans once existed. After all, they're in all our legends. And why aren't there any fully anthro monkeys? Well, maybe that's what humans were!

But no, I've never found any trace of them.

The stories people tell! No, my last expedition wasn't a disaster. It was one huge frustration, that's all. Still, I met some fine people and had an adventure worthy of this Explorer's Club.

One fine day last June I found myself in Loovill, a charming old settlement of about three thousand furs. I was looking for riverfurs to take me up the Ohio River in search of yet another lost city.

But not just *any* city. I sought the city that has gone down in American mountain legend as the home of the fire god Karneggy, the home of vast workshops that made wonderful machines whose secrets are lost to us, and the home of the elixir Ketchup and of the Sacred Kalzone of Plenty, one bite of which would feed a fur forever. I speak, furs, of the magical city known as The Source. There, they say, humans had their last stronghold, and there humans created the anthro-peoples.

The legends say it stood at the source of the Ohio River. Somewhere far to the east, a clear spring must bubble from the ground. There, in silent mountain fastness, would be ruins of that God-built city, that haunt of legends, that place of magic where humans might still walk the earth!

Now, I'm sure that there are camels, for example, who are good riverfurs. And there's something to be said for having your boat crewed by furs who can't swim any better than you can. Still, nobody navigates running water better than an otter. And if you search the riverfront of any town that has one, you'll find otters before too long.

Cap Flashtail — if that otter had any name other than "Captain" or "Cap," I never heard it — was a strong fellow with a bit of grey in his muzzle. His eye was bright, and he was cheerful — oh, bother, why do I waste time telling you this? He's an *otter*, for heaven's sake!

He had three little boats he and his crew would use to take people out fishing. "Can you take me upstream?" I asked him.

"Sure, Boss. I know the river deep into the Jungle Preserve, way east of Sinsie." Wherever that was. "What's your pleasure? Channel cat, gar, or something more like work?"

"I'm searching for one particular lost city."

"Ah, well, you'll find plenty of them along the riverbank. Where the river hasn't moved away from them over the centuries, or hasn't buried them or washed them away. Always moving, the river is."

"Can you take me all the way to the source of the river?"

"The source? No. Not sure anyone knows where that is, these days. But I can take you further upstream than anyone else in town."

We headed east the next morning. Everything seemed to be going perfectly as we went deeper and deeper into the jungle.

True, the jungle was oppressive. Summer's heat was early last year. Strangling vines hung from the trees. The mosquitoes swarmed. Gators prowled the water, and not the sort you can reason with, either. Roars and howls filled the night, some of them sounding like they might be speech, others not.

For all the time I've spent in the jungles, I'm a native of our Arctic Circle industrial cities. The jungle's heat wouldn't let me sleep. The brooding menace of it had me frightened. I wasn't doing well, and we'd barely started our journey!

Then Cap came to me that morning, knotting his hands and looking worried. "We must turn back, Boss. The lands ahead are forbidden."

"You never told me anything about forbidden rivers."

"You never told me how far east you wanted to go. I would have warned you if I'd known."

I just stared at him. The river seemed open before me. There was nothing in sight to stop me from reaching my dream. “Look, I'll double your pay.”

“Money means nothing here. We dare not awaken the wrath of the furs native to these lands by intruding into their sacred precincts. Or at least we don't dare work in them. You see, first you have to settle the dues and get your union card. And it never hurts to have a cousin who's already in. But even if everything is right, half the time the steward is out of the village. That means you wait until...”

On and on he went about the local superstitions. Finally I just shook my head. “I'm going on, alone if I must.”

“Oh, that's fine. Just do your own lifting and carrying. But we can't go one mile further.”

“Will you at least wait here for me to come back?”

“At time and a half, for the dangers we face?”

“Dangers? What dangers? Pay you time and a half for sporting around in the river, playing tag, catching fish? I should think not!”

He wrinkled his nose at me in that cute way only otters and rabbits can manage. “Spoilsport,” he said. But still, he seemed quite cheerful about it.

The next morning I set off upstream, alone. For a day and a half, all went well.

But then I found the last thing I'd expected. The river split in two! I sought the source of the Ohio, but was the Ohio the river that flowed down from the northeast, or the one from the southeast?

I couldn't pilot the boat and consult my books at the same time. The point where the rivers met was surrounded by vine-shrouded ruins of another great city, but the point itself was relatively open, almost groomed. It looked like a safe place to tie up and camp while I sorted things out.

But I was so tired. So very tired. I took the mooring line and stepped ashore, but my foot slipped. I went down on my knees in the river. The boat was already starting to drift away. I jumped to my feet to lunge for it.

Then I heard something to my left. I looked up, and there was a jaguar, reaching for me, his claws out. I didn't notice in that moment if he was anthro or non, but those claws were brutally sharp. And he wasn't wearing any clothes, any trappings of civilization, that I could see.

I twisted away from him into the arms of a panther. “Got you,” he growled.

I screamed and kicked at him and broke free, and the boat was out of reach and drifting downstream. I ran for the open ground. There were shouts behind me. And then I ran into a huge spiderweb. No, it was a net!

The panther had chased me here. “Stop fighting! You're just getting more tangled. I just set that up, too,” he growled.

“You set nets to catch prey?”

He stopped there, at the edge of the clearing, and looked at me strangely. “No, for volleyball. Geez, man, why did you run? But you look awful. I think you need something cold to drink, and quickly. Hope you like a Mimosa. It's all I brought down from the hotel.”

*****

Spike, the jaguar, chuckled. He looked quite civilized when he had his pants on. The hotel looked civilized too. It seemed ancient, and they'd let vines cover it as they did almost everything else, but it was in fine shape inside. The cooling system was a blessed relief after days in the jungle.

“I can see why you freaked. It's funny as hell, though. Looking for a lost city, and you stumbled straight into us.”

“You aren't on the map.”

“We're an artists' colony, seeking seclusion to allow our creative genius to flourish, blah blah woof woof. But seriously, we do like our solitude. What's the point of maintaining an inholding in the Wilderness if everyone and their cousin can find you?”

I took another sip of Mimosa. The ones the bar mixed were even better than the one from Shadow's vacuum bottle. I was getting to like these things. It was strange sipping it through a straw, though. For some reason, drinking through straws was an inviolable custom here.

“Artists' colony,” I muttered.

“Yeah. We've always been one, supposedly even before the Troubles and the rise of the anthro peoples. We have sculptors, artists in fabric, painters, and cartoonists. We have a few writers too, but of course nobody cares about them."

"And here I was looking for the legendary home of Karneggy, at the source of the Ohio River."

"But that's here! The Ohio starts out at the point where we found you. The rivers north and south have always had different names."

I gaped at him. "This city is called The Source, then?"

"No, it's Pitts."

"I don't know why you call it that. It seems very pleasant."

"The name of the town," Spike explained carefully, "is Pitts. It's the name of the human who founded the place, I think."

"Humans! Were there humans here? Are there humans here still?"

"Oh, humans haven't come here for centuries. But the legends tell us they came here once, and that they stayed on here long after the anthro peoples took over the world. Not only that, but the humans who came here were the ones most responsible for the creation of the anthro peoples."

"I wish I could have met some humans. I always wanted to thank them, to bless them for making us, and to ask them why they did."

He smiled at me. "You're a domestic dog, aren't you?"

"What?"

"Flop-ear, I mean. A flop-ear canid."

"Yes, of course. What does that have to do with anything?"

"Nothing, nothing. Anyway, let me tell you what we know about humans.

"We think they created furs for practical reasons. They had plagues back then, but plagues don't spread so easily when people are many species. And furs are stronger than humans were, eat a greater variety of foods, and are better protected from weather. That means they can live more gently on the land than humans could.

"Perhaps the humans realized that by splitting people among different species, they made bearing young require more planning than it had before. That helped reduce the overpopulation that was such a big problem back then. Personally, I doubt they foresaw that. But if they had, they might not have minded.

"But no matter what other reasons they had, one of the biggest reasons for what they did was simply that they loved you. They wanted you to be free and happy. They would never have wanted you to worship them."

I smiled. "Then in honor of their memory, I won't. I will try to think of them as real people, both good and evil, wise and foolish, like everyone else. If they ever really existed, that is."

"Oh, yes, they existed."

"I wish I was as sure of that as you are. But thanks to you and Shadow and the rest here who have made me so comfortable. I'm sorry to have intruded on the solitude you prize so much."

"No need to worry. Our solitude isn't that perfect, anyway. Our bankers, suppliers, and buyers know how to find us." He half-grinned, half-scowled. "The tax men do too, unfortunately."

"So what's next?"

"We'll have someone take your boat back downstream to your otter friends. Maybe you should leave here by road, though, down the Columbus Trace. That should be more comfortable for you."

"Thanks. You're much too kind."

"Not at all. Feel free to come back and visit again, if you want. We might have a business proposition for you, once we know more about you. But promise me a few things."

"Name them."

"Let us know you're coming. And no falling in the river. And next time you snag yourself in my volleyball net, I'm letting you claw your own way out."

*****

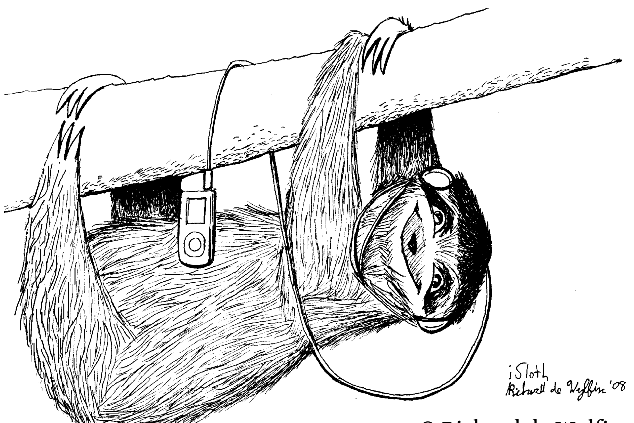
I think I'll return to Pitts soon, if only to learn the art colony's religion and legends. Those must be fascinating.

I did overhear something on that subject. One handsome wolf seemed overheated that evening. He was also drinking more Mimosa than was good for him. He started clawing at his own face. That's when I heard Shadow, Spike's mate, mutter something in the wolf's ear.

Shadow said "Never take your head off in public. It ruins the magic."

It's obvious, from the context, that "take your head off" is local slang for getting drunk. But I have to wonder what kind of magic Shadow meant.

Whatever it is, I suspect it must be something wonderful.


iSloth
Richard de Wylfin '08

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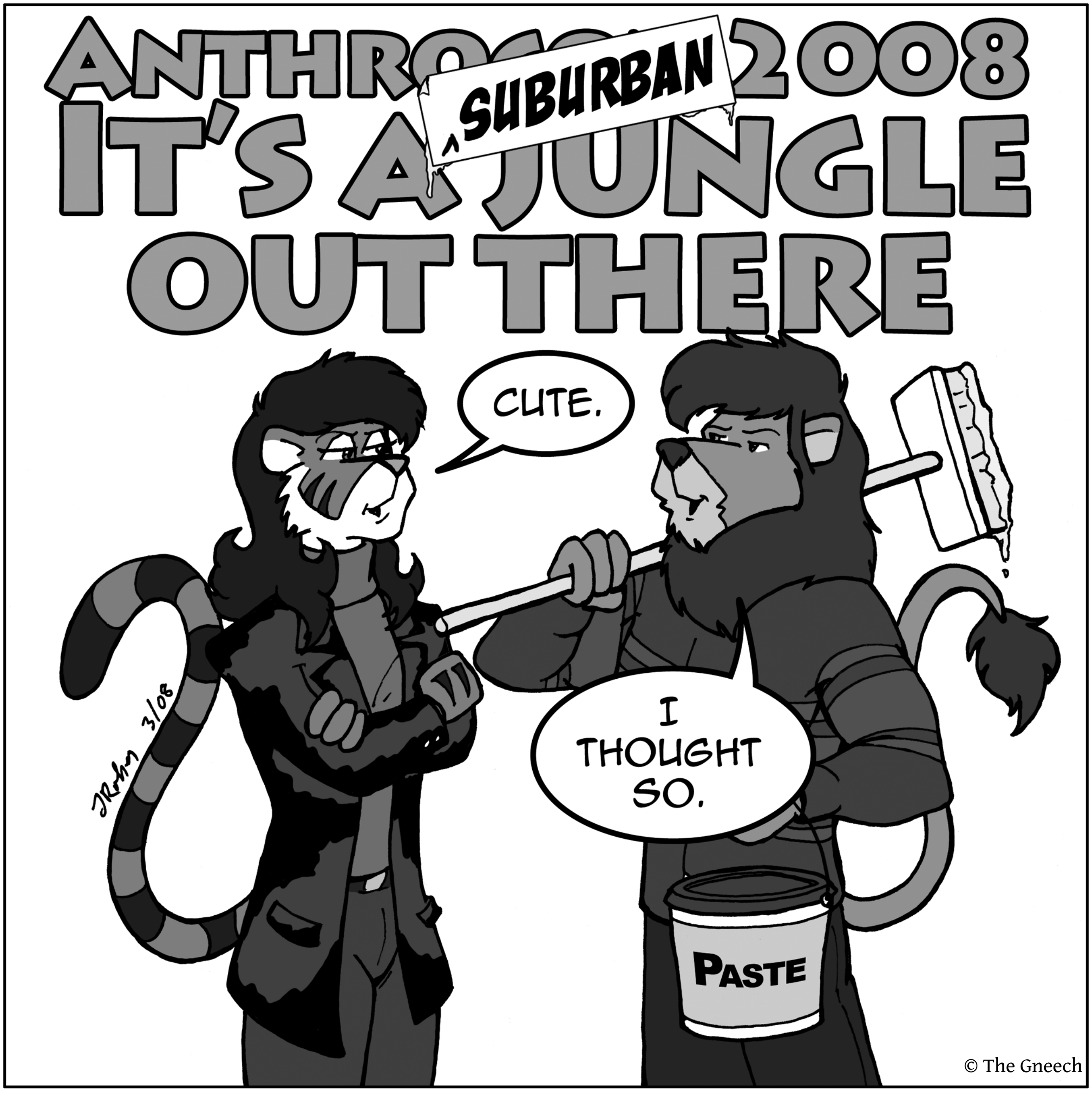
ANTHROCON 2008
SUBURBAN
IT'S A JUNGLE
OUT THERE
CUTE.
I THOUGHT SO.
PASTE
JRohm 3/08

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Adaptation Dynamics

Charles "MattTrike" Matthias

After two days of solitary confinement Dr. Venni Udyr and his research team were brought to a conference room by masked Remnant guards. He wasn't sure whether it was because of what happened to Dennis, or what Dennis had killed beyond the walls of Remnant.

The conference room had a single long table, on one side of which Udyr and the other seven members of his team we ordered to sit. Opposite them sat a middle-aged man in the red and grey uniform of a high-ranked Remnant security officer. He didn't smile.

"On behalf of the Remnant government, I am authorized to apologize to you for your confinement these last two days. We've been reviewing your logs in preparation for this meeting and, given the sensitive nature of your findings, we couldn't allow you to mingle with the population. We also didn't want to begin until we had your ninth team member present."

Udyr and the others glanced at each other wondering what he might mean when a wall screen to their right came to life. In a reinforced cage prowled a four-footed beast with bright green and black stripes across its scaly hide. A feline head surveyed the surroundings and haunting yellow eyes stared into the viewfinder as if it understood that it was being watched.

"Dennis!" Carol shouted. "What have you done to him?"

The officer placidly regarded the beast before facing the geneticist. "Dr. Rhodes, you did this to him. We are here to discuss your project and how Dennis Smit became... that." Again, they stared at the beast. Apart from the brief moments when Dennis cleaned himself, they'd never seen what he'd truly become. His hands and feet had mostly become paws but with recognizable fingers and toes tipped with long, dark claws. He even had a rudimentary tail improving his balance.

"We didn't mean for this to happen," Colson said. The skinny man couldn't keep his eyes off their friend and volunteer.

"Dr. Udyr," the officer said, "you are the project lead. Could you please describe your intentions?"

"Everything was registered with Remnant Command before we began."

The man smiled at the corners of his lips. "Tell me."

Udyr knew there were only two possible outcomes from this meeting. Either their careers were over and they'd never see domelight again or the government would take over their research for its own ends. He just hoped they didn't kill Dennis or any of his colleagues. It'd been his project; he should suffer the consequences.

"About nine months ago we had a breakthrough in coupling nano- and cellular technology. We were able to imprint a full set of genetic directives to living cells. These cells could enter an organism and, based on their directives, transform the creature to better adapt to its surroundings over a period of time.

"Our first tests were on mice. We placed them in fish tanks with only a small ledge to rest above water. We programmed the adaptation cells to reconfigure the mice for an aquatic environment. A majority of our cases chose piscine adaptations such as fins, gills and scales, while most of the rest opted for blubber and a blow hole. Within a few weeks our test subjects were completely adapted to their new environment. They were no longer mice except for traces in their DNA. Nor were they any kind of fish or dolphin either but an amalgamation based on the system routines.

"We spent five months performing our tests on rodents trying to gain control over the adaptations, but most of our early attempts ended in death."

"Why death?" the officer asked.

Udyr frowned, eyes flicking to the scaly beast. It yawned and stretched like a cat, fangs long and meant for tearing flesh from bones. Udyr pulled his eyes away quickly. "We discovered that the more possibilities in the adaptation cells, the greater the likelihood of successful adaptation. When we restricted them to force the mice to change in a specific way, the changes often left out key aspects that we hadn't considered. The genome is a complex set of instructions, and the way in which they map and correlate to our bodies is even more complex."

"We have full genome sequences for most life on Earth, even the new Jungle life," Archer said. The technician was more angry than afraid. "Configuring that in the proper sequences is harder than it seems. The more choice we gave the adaptation cells, the greater the chance everything worked."

"So," Udyr continued, "we decided to attempt alternate methods of controlling the adaptations. Group dynamics, different food supplies, etc... Four months ago, we decided to proceed with a human test subject. If we ever... heh... wanted humanity to survive outside the Remnant dome, we needed some way to adapt our bodies to the harsh conditions in the Jungle. Dennis Smit, with no family to miss him, volunteered.

"It took two months to obtain the permits to leave the dome. During that time, we fitted him with a transceiver and a neural-net system so we could see and hear everything he did in real time. We tested these systems on mice to ensure that the adaptation cells wouldn't destroy them, then we ran Dennis through a week of tests to verify the quality and strength of the feed.

"And then, two months ago, Dennis left the dome." Udyr paused as he recalled that day. They'd known no matter what happened Dennis wouldn't come back to them the same. Even tough Archer had hugged their friend as he left them forever.

"He'd prepared himself for the rigors of Jungle life, and his adaptation cells were programmed with a wide variety of possibilities. He spent the first week learning the lay of the land, foraging as much as he could, but he didn't have much taste for berries and leaves.

"Instead, he hunted small game. Not having seen a human for over two hundred years... heh... they were easy to catch and kill. Dennis had trouble making fires so ate most of his food raw. Within two weeks, as the adaptation cells changed him, he gave up all pretense of foraging. He described the changes to us by talking to himself. The claws and the fangs were the first to grow, followed quickly by his hide."

"His hide?"

"Yes. The Jungle is full of insects that suck blood. His skin hardened quickly into the scales we see now."

"And the camouflage?"

"At the same time. It helped him be a more efficient hunter. He described hunting to us one day." Udyr shuddered as he remembered that day. "His posture was already changing and his muzzle growing. He spoke about how much he enjoyed killing animals in his jaws and feeling their bones break between his teeth. Dennis wasn't speaking like a scientist anymore. It was... was..." Beside him Carol broke into fresh sobs. On the screen, the beast lay down, head on forepaws, and stared into the viewfinder.

Only the officer seemed unaffected. "Please continue, Dr. Udyr."

"That's when we realized the adaptation cells were changing his mind as well, his body. Over the next month as Dennis turned into... that... he spoke less and less. The last time was ten days before the incident. His voice was distorted and all we could make out was 'eats and sleeps'. He kept saying it over and over, and then nothing. The adaptation cells took his ability to think because he didn't need it to survive. We put in a request for him to be rescued three weeks ago, but nothing was done."

Udyr felt indignation swell in his chest. He wanted to tell this officer exactly what he thought of Remnant Command for letting their friend turn into a beast, but after a long life of holding his tongue he knew better. He took a moment to catch his breath and continued. "So we watched him degrade. What had once been our friend the Jungle and our own adaptation cells turned into the predator you captured. And that brings us to the incident two days ago, which is the last thing we saw before you put us in solitary confinement."

The officer waved one hand. "Before we come to that, I wanted to ask for your theory on why Dennis Smit became a predator. I'm told that apart from his scaly hide, he is more like an ancient feline than a reptile. Why did he become that?"

"'Cause he was alone," Colson said. All eyes turned to the programmer. Colson fidgeted under the officer's gaze but he kept going. "He was alone and hunting his food. The programming was based on our genome repository. You want a solitary hunter of his mass? You get a cat."

"Are there any other factors that could influence the adaptations?"

Colson nodded. "Food. If Dennis had foraged more he probably would've become an omnivore. Something like a bear or a boar. All alone he'd never become a herbivore."

"Why?"

Archer snorted. "Herd dynamics. Herbivores don't operate alone or they're lunch."

"That's what we suspect would happen," Udyr admitted. "But with how far they took Dennis, I don't think we can risk any further human experiments until we've a better means of controlling the changes. We wanted to find a way for humans to live in the Jungle. Instead, we turned Dennis into a beast!" As if the creature heard them it lifted its head at the sound of its old name. Its long tongue flicked out and licked its jowls.

Udyr lowered his eyes and stared at the unperturbed officer. "Little did we know that our efforts were in vain. How long have you known that there were humans living in the Jungle?"

The officer's lips twitched in that facsimile of an amused grin. "You refer to the incident where Dennis encountered the human children. How do you know they weren't from Remnant?"

Archer snorted. "How many kids in Remnant are dressed with leaves?"

"Good point." The officer folded his hands before him. "It is true. We've known for some time now that there are humans living in the Jungle. They are savages much like our ancient ancestors. We monitor them and from time to time we cull them to keep their numbers from threatening the Jungle."

"Why?" Carol stared stupefied at the officer. "Don't we want to reclaim the Jungle?"

"No. The Earth is better off exactly as it is. We want it a jungle out there, so it can be a paradise in here. We want to keep the humans alive outside in case we suffer a calamity. They are a contingency plan for humanity. Your experiment has threatened that plan, but we've taken care of that. Should the citizens of Remnant learn of this, it could shatter everything we've built."

"So why are we here?" Colson asked. The others grumbled and nodded. "Why didn't you just kill us?"

"Oh, we're not going to kill you. Your work is worth salvaging. Dennis became a solitary hunter because he was alone. We are interested in seeing what happens when humans are sent out as a group. And we want you working on this."

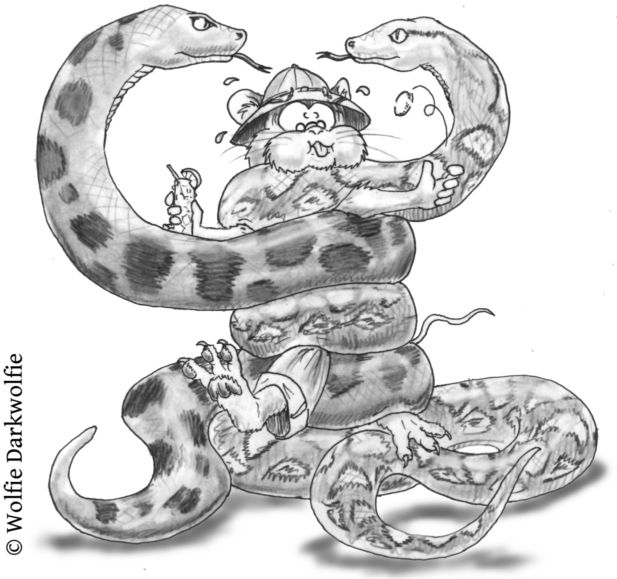
Udyr and the others glanced at the reptilian feline. What had once been Dennis paced back and forth in its cage, casting a speculative glare at the viewfinder every time it passed.

He turned to the smug officer. "But we'll be kept here because of what we've learned? Because of the humans in the Jungle? We have families!"

The officer shook his head and a dozen guards entered. Behind them another Remnant officer wheeled in a cart laden with syringes filled with a familiar purple fluid. "Don't be foolish, Dr. Udyr. You'll see your families again when we reunite you in the Jungle."

While Udyr and the others screamed and struggled, the feline beast sat on its haunches, a look of predatory amusement flashing in its golden eyes.

It Came From The Jungle!



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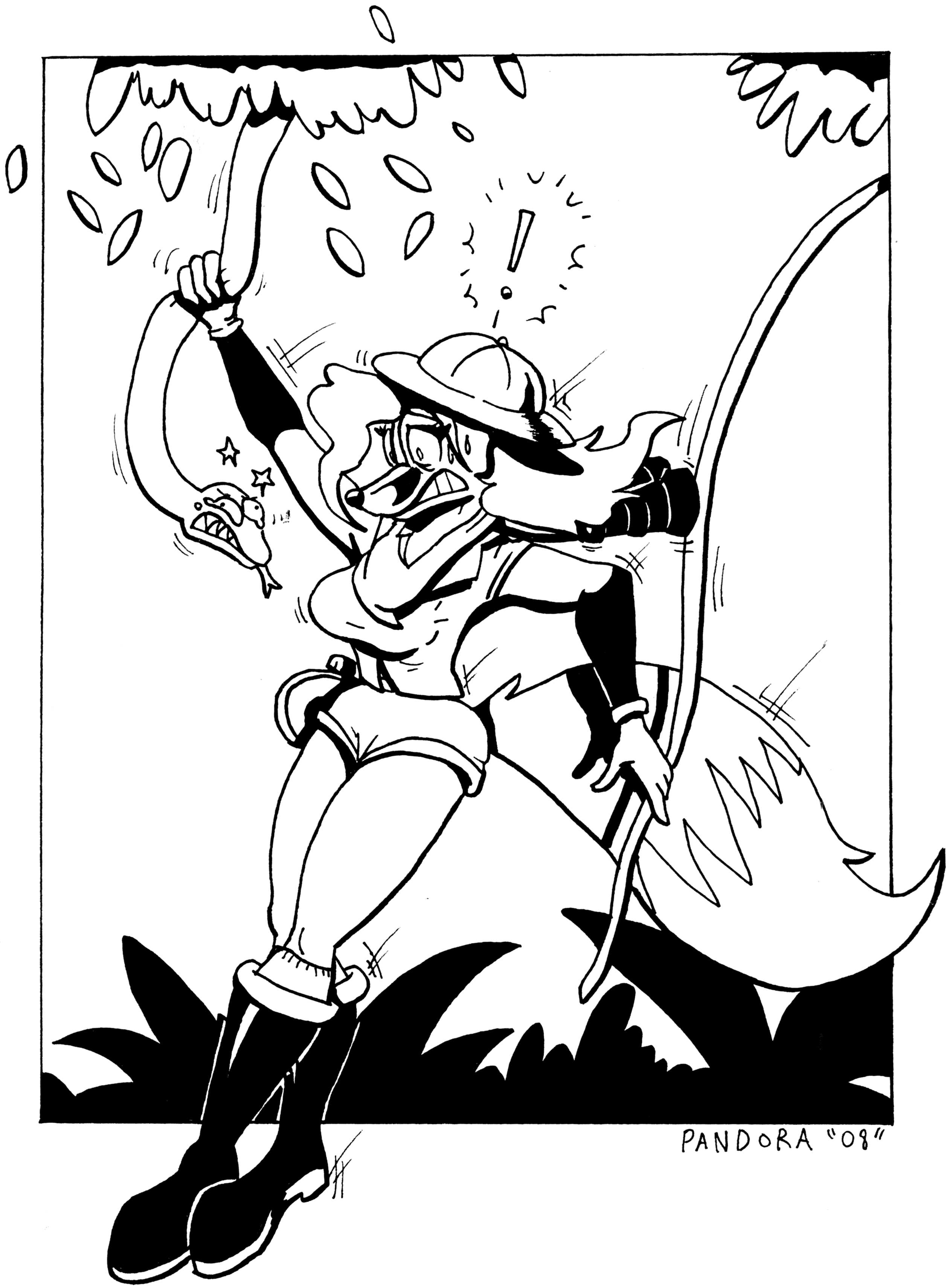
Anaconda vs. Asiatic Reticulated Python

In most scientific journals, the largest snake in the world is the Green Anaconda, one of four species of aquatic Boa which can grow to over 30 feet. However, many note that the Asiatic Reticulated Python is far longer, growing to over 40 feet. In terms of girth and overall body mass, the Anaconda wins out, with occasion specimens weighing over a quarter-ton. Of course, this is all academic when one or the other is looking to turn you into a squishy snack!



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The Parakeet Waltz

Sapphire, the Egyptian Kitty of Grace and Beauty

Hello, I'm Robin Leifman, the host of *Environment!* This week we're bringing you to a never-before-filmed jungle location where our cameras hope to capture a rare sight — the courting ritual of the elusive Prada-Plumed Parakeet. Now, these brightly-colored birds are amazingly difficult to find in the immense jungle canopy. Right now, it is the parakeet's mating season and we hope that as the parakeet gets lucky, our cameras will too. Oh look, I see a male one now. Quietly. We don't want to scare it off... look at those brilliant feathers. What a breath-taking sight. Wait a minute — there's another one and it's a female. What luck! He's courting her. Do you hear that complex series of chirps and twitters? A vital part of the parakeet's mating ritual is the way the male and female sing to each other. If we could translate their courting song, I wager that it would be a tender ballad.

Chirp. Chitter. Thweet... «How about this one? It's purple. You love purple, don't you?»

«No, that one's ugly. I'm going to try these on.»

«I could fill a redwood with all the things she's bought and never worn — Coming dear.»

The male is trying to catch her attention by showing her that he is her best breeding choice, that he'll provide her chicks with the necessary survival skills. Look at the patience with which he pursues her. Amazing! The female parakeets are notoriously selective, but this male is persistent. Wait a minute, there are two more couples. This is fascinating. Theorists have speculated that the Prada-Plumed Parakeet's courtship occurs in groups, but never before has anyone seen evidence of this. Oh, this is history in the making; I'll definitely win an Emmy *this* year.

All the females are going behind a wall of leaves to preen themselves for their potential mates. Each female adorns her already-bright feathers in a unique way with various trappings from the canopy. She prides herself on having an appearance that distinguishes her from the rest of the chatter. This stage of the courtship can last a very long time. How will the males respond?... Currently, the males look... quite listless. In fact, if I didn't know any better, I'd say that they're exchanging condolent glances.

«Is your keet 'cleaning out her closet,' too?»

«Yep.»

«'Fraid so.»

«Do either of you know what time it is? I still hope to catch the Cardinals' game. They're playing the Orioles today.»

As each female emerges, the couple begins the crucial mating dance that determines whether or not the female will allow the male to mate with her. As the female twirls in place flaring her newly-adorned feathers, the male puffs up his plumage and flaps his wings. Now, we reach the most critical stage of this dance. If the male's reaction does not convince the female that he is impressed by her enhanced plumage, she will reject his advances... uh oh, one of the females has lost interest. She's flying away.

«Can't you focus your attention away from that ballgame for just five minutes?»

«Sure I can. When it takes you five minutes to try things on!»

Let's see if the other two males will have better luck. Wait, I may have spoken too soon. One of the remaining females looks really agitated: she beats her wings and swipes at the male's beak and eyes with her razor-sharp talons. While the male retreats from her assault, she pursues him across the canopy.

«In some parts of the jungle, saying that someone resembles a stuffed turkey is the highest compliment!»

«You insensitive jerk!»

Wow! I don't believe I've ever heard such an ear-piercing screech before. Unfortunately, our couples are zero for two. One couple remains. Will this female accept his advances?

«Oh honey, you're so lovely naturally. I really do appreciate how hard you work at trying to make yourself more beautiful, but I'm afraid that you can't improve on perfection.»

«Oh, you're such a flatterer. Don't. Stop. No, I mean it. Don't stop.»

«My sweet pigeon, although the Mona Lisa's smile captured the world's heart, your smile is far more precious to me. Because, while the smile in that famous painting is a gift given to the world, your gleaming smile when you look into my eyes is a very special gift from you to me.»

«Awww. C'mon, handsome. Let's go 'feather the nest.'»

Listen to the sweetness of their harmonious warbling. Oh look, they're flying off together. It appears that this male has successfully performed the courtship dance and song.

Well, we hope you enjoyed this week's episode of *Environment.* Please tune in next week when we follow the rare Collector-Leopard known for its unique growl-purrs while hunting. Here's a sneak preview:

Grrrowl. Purrr. Grrrowl. Purrr. «I must find my prey, stalk it, kill it with my credit card, drag it home, and then proudly mount the catch on my wall.»

So, don't miss our next exciting episode. We thank you for your support.

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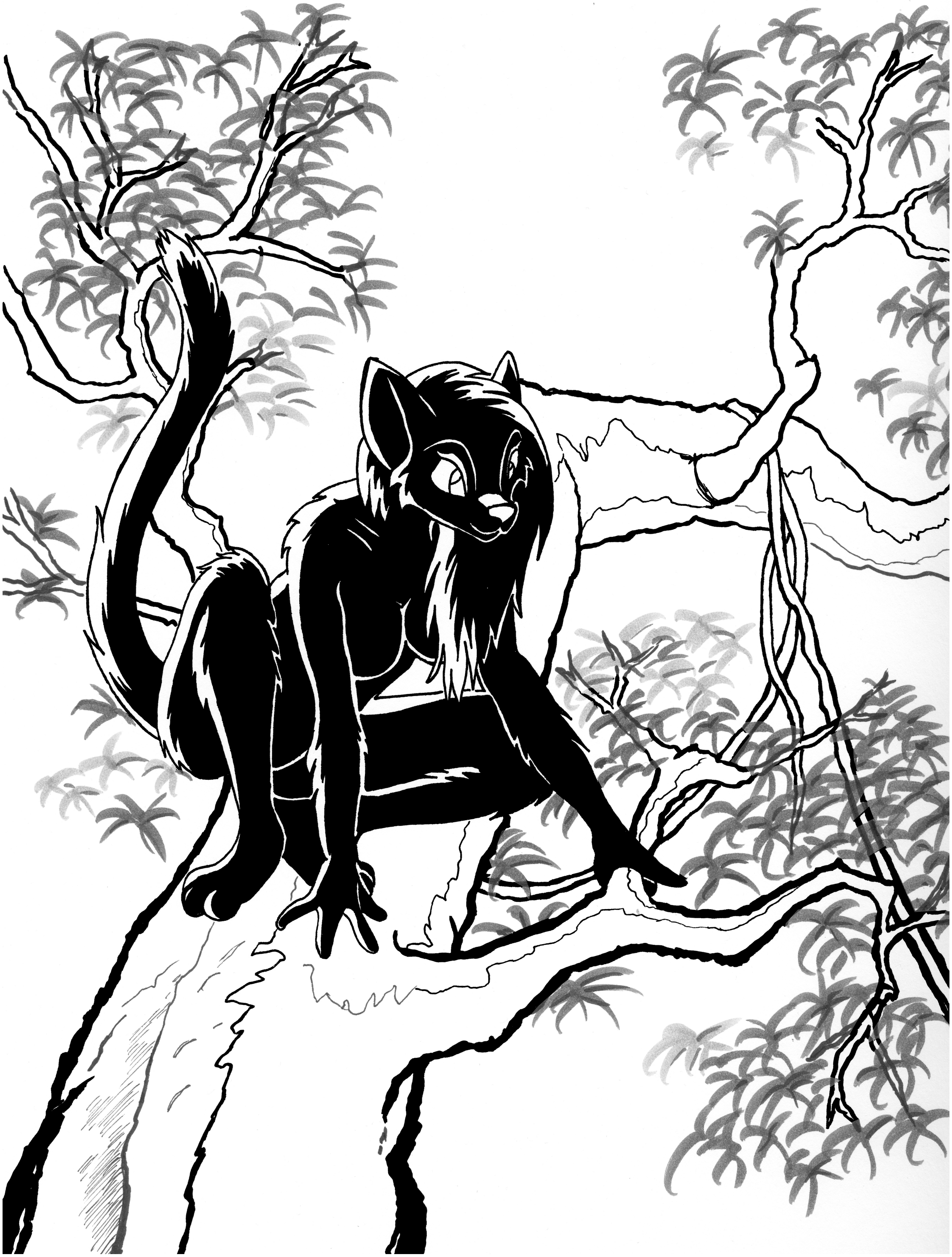

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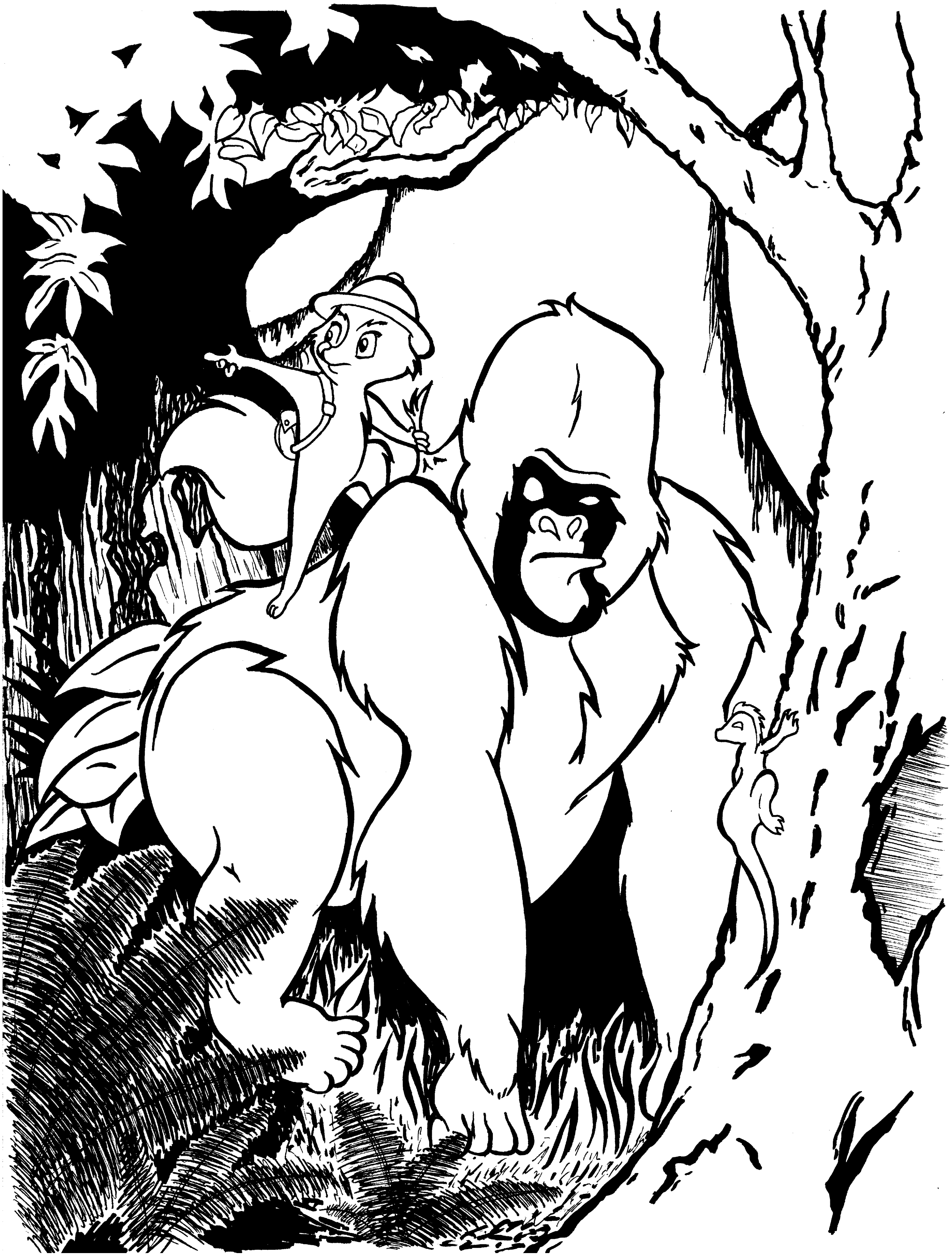

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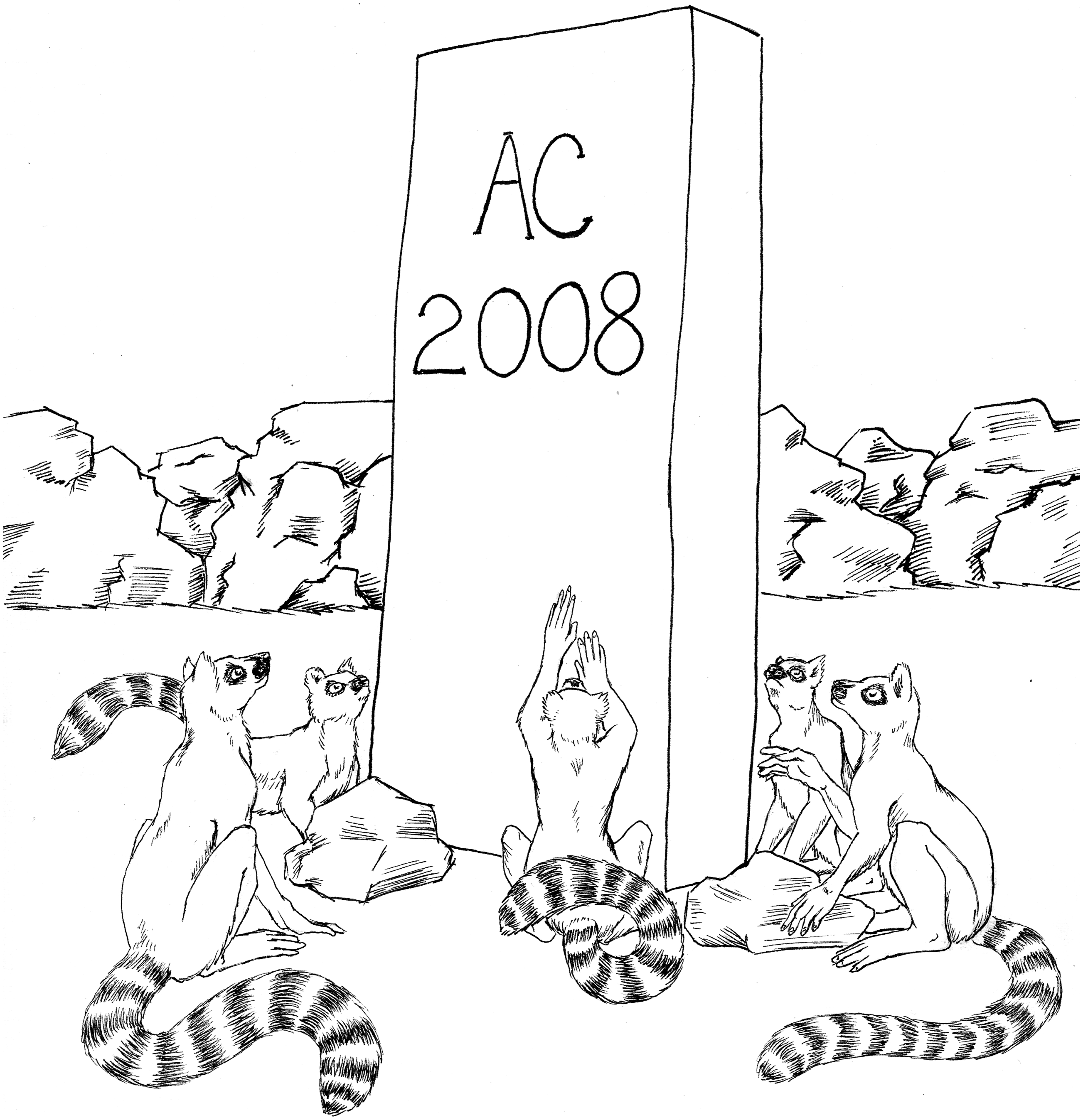

The Dawn of Furry "Squeaky" Chewtoy '08

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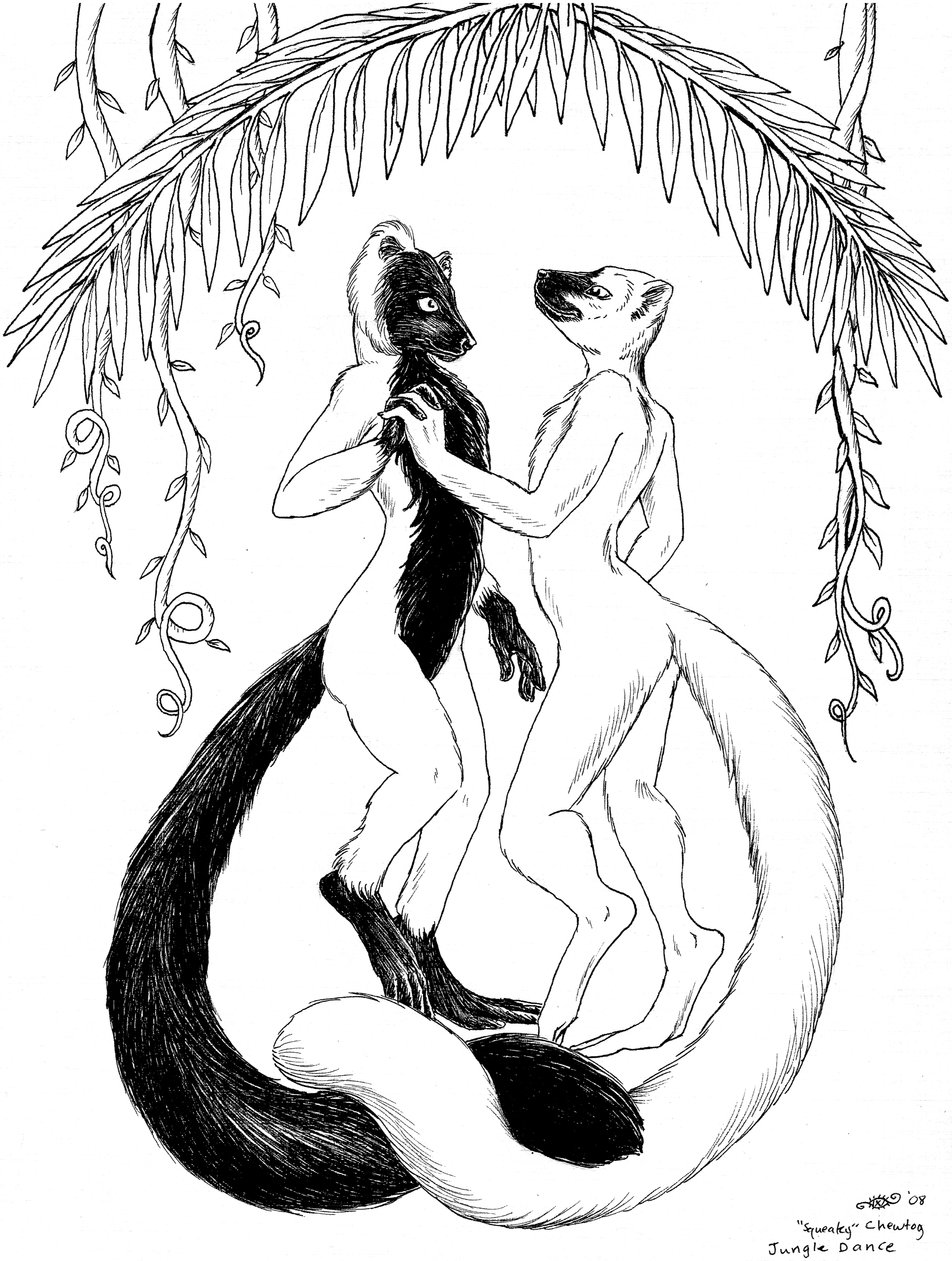
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"Squeaky" Chewtog
Jungle Dance

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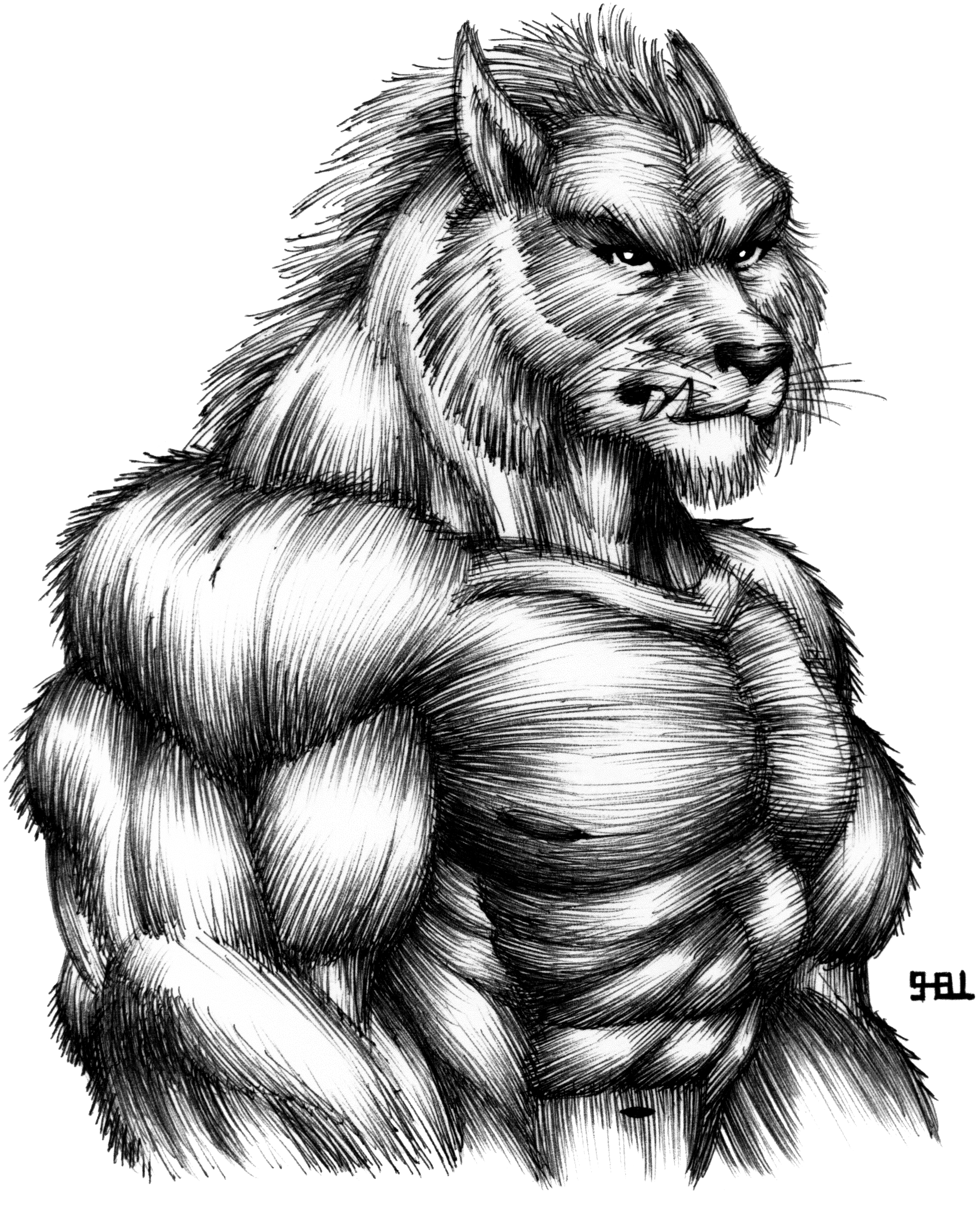

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A Wild Secret

Kisame the Puppy

It was a hot, sunny afternoon as the twin-engine plane descended from the heavens. It landed on the small runway, which was in reality little more than a dirt road. A long tail of dust trailed behind it as it slowed to a halt near the tiny hut that served as the terminal. The air was muggy, like soup, but that's what travelers to the Mexican jungles can expect.

After a moment, the first of the passengers stepped out into the sun, grinning brightly from the top of the steps, her large sunglasses saving her feline eyes from the glare. She was a calico, her light red fur approaching orange with large white and black patches. She wore tight-fitting khaki shorts and a pink half shirt showed off her white tummy, giving her many chances to revel in the looks of appreciative boys. The feline tease swished her tail and tugged her backpack up onto her shoulders, hopping down the stairs and onto the runway.

"Hey boys, what's the hold-up? We've gotta find our hotel if we want to get unpacked and go party tonight!"

A slightly gruff voice responded from inside. "Give us a sec, Cathy; Jack got his luggage tangled up with mine!"

A softer voice whined back from deeper in the plane. "It's not my fault! Eric threw his bag at me!" Eric emerged a moment later, chuckling lightly and shaking his burly head.

Eric was a timber wolf, but the running joke from high school was that his father was a bear. He stood six and a half feet tall, meaning he had to stoop to get out of the plane. His grey fur was quite thick, which accentuated his broad chest even more. He wore a white muscle shirt and black gym shorts, giving him an even more athletic look. Eric's dream had been to play football, but despite his strength and size he never made the cut. The reason became apparent as he tripped on the last stair, nearly plowing straight into Cathy. He stumbled and caught himself, grinning sheepishly down at her. "Heh heh... Sorry Cath, you know me..."

Cathy giggled a bit and rolled her eyes. For all his intimidating appearance, Eric was terribly clumsy. He had a big heart though, and he made friends easily once they saw past his size. They heard a chuckle from the stairs and turned to see the quietest member of their group.

Markus was a chocolate ferret with white underfur, which would have left him looking a little like a half melted ice cream sandwich were it not for the Hawaiian shirt and cargo shorts he wore. He was the star of the swimming team; his nickname since freshman year had ironically been "Otter." There were rumors about Olympic tryouts for the young man, but Markus refused to comment on them. In fact, he refused to comment on most things; despite his athletic prowess he was very soft spoken and only talked when he felt it necessary. The humble ferret shunned popularity, and as such he found himself fitting in much better with his current group instead of the high school elite.

As Markus approached the others, he flashed them a small grin and kept walking, heading off toward the tiny terminal.

"I'm gonna find our hotel." Eric nodded and hauled his bag up on his shoulder, turning back to Cathy.

"I'll go too. You coming, Cath?" She flashed a quick worried look toward the plane, where their fourth member was still ensconced, then shrugged and nodded.

"Yeah, let's go. I really want a drink," she grinned widely for a moment before shouting toward the plane. "Hey, Jack, we're going ahead. Just follow us when you're ready!" A few moments later a yerfing reply came from inside, but the other two had already started off after the quiet ferret.

"O-okay, Cathy!"

*****

Calling the residence a "hotel" was quite complimentary, as it turned out. The rooms were tiny and lacked modern amenities, but the cost was more than reasonable. Currently the room was empty though, as the call of the local bar was irresistible, especially with no other entertainment.

The bar was currently filled with college-age furs, mixing, dancing, and generally having a grand time. A mariachi band played, wearing hats so comically oversized that it was near-impossible to tell the species of the musicians. Cathy, however, was outside, leaning against the wall with a cocktail in her paw, her tail twitching idly. She sighed listlessly and looked off into the darkness, to the forest bathed in starlight which climbed languidly up into the distance, clothing the small yet sharp hills a few miles outside town. She saw movement in the corner of her eye, jerking her out of her thoughts, and she turned sharply to find the last member of their party.

"Oh, Jack, it's you!"

The fur in question sucked in a short breath as the moonlight bathed Cathy's face in a soft ethereal glow. He blushed lightly under his fur, walking over and standing beside her. He returned her greeting and looked out with her, keeping the silence permeating the night.

Jack was a red fox of typical build. He dressed unremarkably and considered himself an average fur with above-average friends. It wasn't that Jack had a poor self-image; he simply saw himself as normal with a bit of wanderlust thrown in. It was what tied the four of them together, after all.

The small, multi-species pack had been drawn together by their love of exploration and travel. They all had aspirations to see new places, and ancient places appealed to them the most. This common ground had sparked the idea for their current trip, with the goal of hiking into the jungle in search of ancient ruins. They had no prior experience, of course, but reasoned that a good compass would be more than enough if they traveled east on the first day then back west again the next.

Of course, Jack had a crush on Cathy. He figured that everyone who met the girl fell for her to some degree. But for now he just stood with her and basked in the anticipation for the morning.

*****

The quartet set off just before sunrise, quickly finding a sparse, winding path into the undergrowth. After following it for a few hours, it got harder to continue as the forest encroached on their path, but they pushed on just the same. By nightfall they had found no ruins, but had discovered a harsh reality: exploring a jungle was far more challenging than any of them had imagined. A small clearing ended up being a wonderful place to set up camp, and everyone began to unpack their tents.

"Eric, shouldn't we build a fire or something?" Jack asked as he shivered a little against the sudden breeze. Eric looked around at the group. Markus was all set up and helping Cathy with her tent. Jack's was halfway pitched; the poor fox had given it up as a bad job and was waiting for Markus' assistance.

Eric sighed; he was the only one free at the moment. "Yeah, I guess we should, huh? I'll go get some firewood, be back in a few." He snatched a flashlight and tromped into the woods as Jack turned to watch Markus start on his tent.

Cathy sat down next to him, her fur a little matted from exertion but a wide smile on her face. "Wow! Who thought it'd be this hard to hike in the jungle?" She giggled and stretched some, arching her back. "So, didja see any ruins yet? I swear Markus did and just didn't say anything, mark my words!"

"Shut up." The ferret's outburst earned a round of chuckles from the other two, startling Jack out of his newest bout of shyness with Cathy. Jack began weaving a tale of the massive temple he was sure he saw not ten minutes ago when an anguished scream pierced the night. Markus dropped the tent spike he was holding as the seated pair leapt up, Jack unconsciously stepping in front of Cathy just a little. He swallowed and balled his paws up to stop his shakes and looked around. Due to the shock of the situation, it was a few tense minutes before anyone realized a member of their group was absent.

"G-guys," Jack whispered quietly, as though the wind itself was their enemy, silently listening in, "W-Why hasn't Eric come back yet..?" His question was answered by an ear-piercing scream from Cathy as she pointed toward the woods.

Eric was dragging himself into the clearing, supporting himself by the trees. His right leg was limp, and he was panting hard, his face twisted in obvious pain. His clothes were dirty and damp from sweat. Markus and Jack ran to him, supporting the huge wolf as best as they could as Cathy followed. He was breathing hard and just barely managed to get his words out.

"Fell down... hole. Plant... stung me... *slithered* off... Like an *eel*..." He growled and breathed hard as the other boys laid him down in Jack's tent. There was a large sting mark on Eric's leg, which was bluish through his fur.

"Guys, we need to get him back to town; we need to get him back now!" Cathy exclaimed, in near hysterics. Markus laid a blanket over Eric, who had passed out already. He shook his head and spoke quietly.

"He can't travel. We'll try in the morning." Jack gulped and nodded.

"Yeah, I agree. It's so dark we might get lost. And," he repressed the nauseous feeling in his stomach, "what if that... thing... comes back?"

Cathy shivered and hugged Jack tightly. "I'm so scared, Jack..."

Jack was so shaken that he just held her. He didn't even blush.

*****

The trio slept fitfully that night, Markus alone rising every few hours to check on Eric. In the morning Jack made to go inside, but a very pale Markus stopped him with one word. "Don't." He got up and left the campsite; neither Jack nor Cathy saw him shaking.

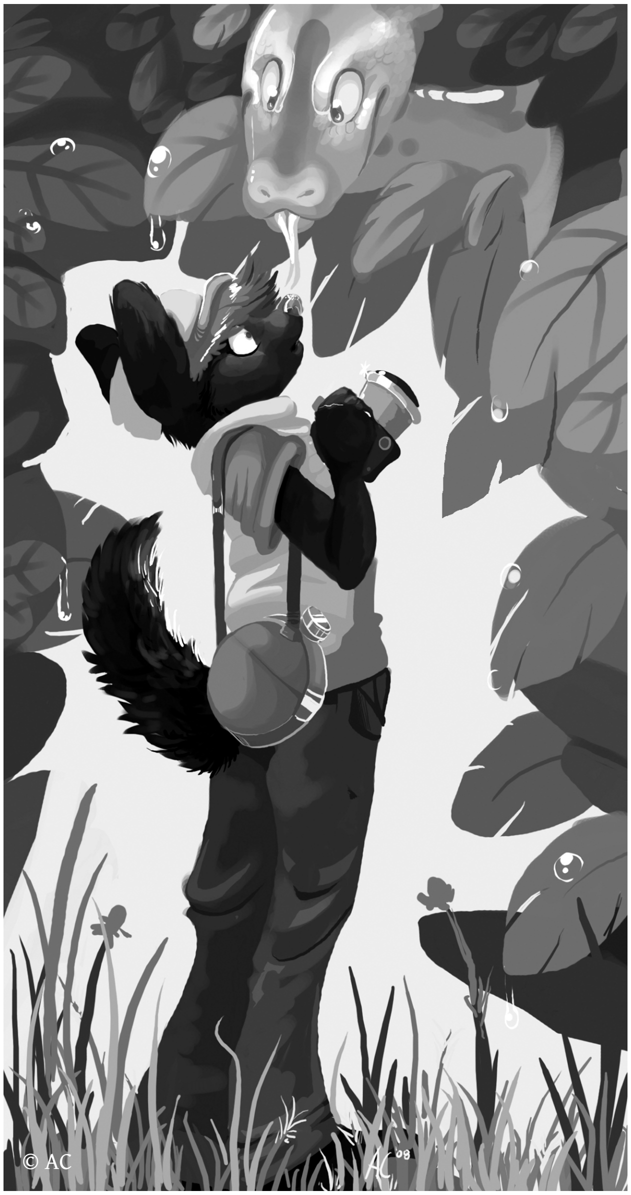
They stayed in the campsite all that day and the next. Markus alone checked on Eric but refused to comment on his condition, always exiting the tent looking pale and almost sick. What little talk there was among the trio turned to rescue and hope of a search party, until Cathy suddenly stood up and made for the tent.

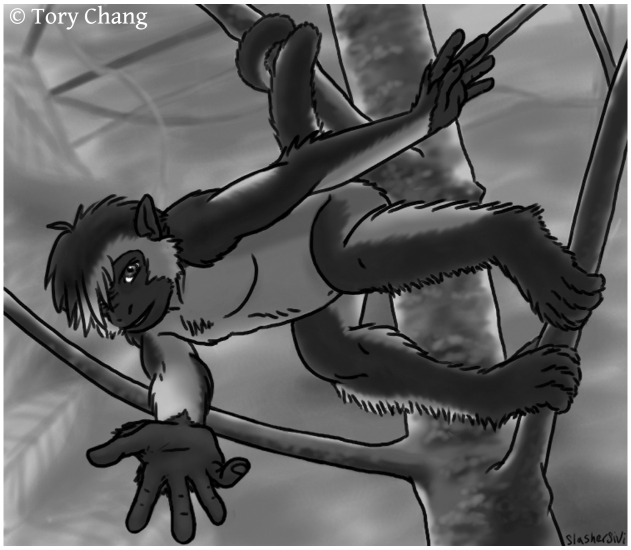
"I don't care how he looks, I have to see him myself!" Markus grabbed her wrist but she only broke free and continued to the tent, unzipping it in one motion and stepping inside. The others followed her, Jack stepping in and freezing, all blood draining from his face and his stomach twisting into cold knots.

The... *thing*... lying on top of the sleeping bag looked nothing like the Eric that Jack remembered. There was no fur on his body except the long, lanky hair on the top of his head. His muzzle appeared to have fallen off, or it had shrunk down to a small little lump of one that passed as a nose. The mouth was a garish horizontal gash below the tiny nose, with big red lips. Eric's canine ears were gone, replaced with small fleshy ears on the side of his head. His tail was gone completely. Jack had never seen anything like this in his life; what kind of plant *does* this to furs?

Eric chose that moment to wake up, stirring slowly then opening his blue eyes, blinking up at them. "W-What?" He asked shakily, his voice higher pitched than it once was. Jack couldn't even speak, only stare. "G-Guys? W-What's wrong?" Cathy wordlessly ran out, coming back a minute later with a small makeup mirror, her paw shaking as she knelt, opened it, and held it up for Eric to view himself.

Eric screamed and screamed and screamed.

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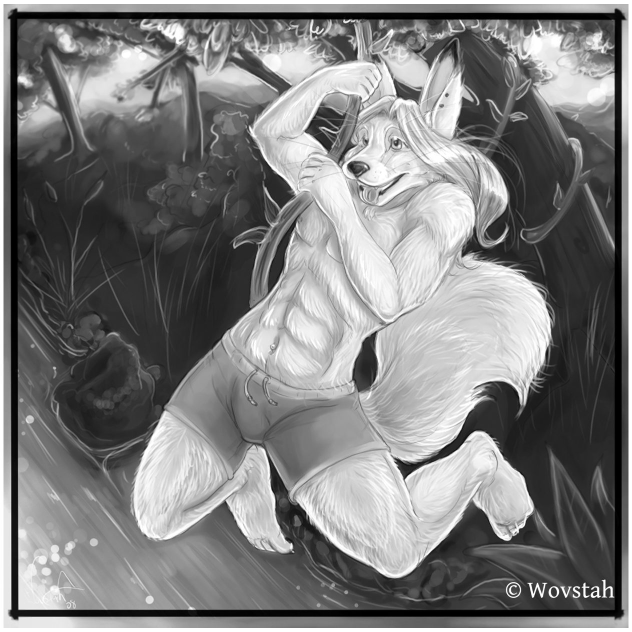
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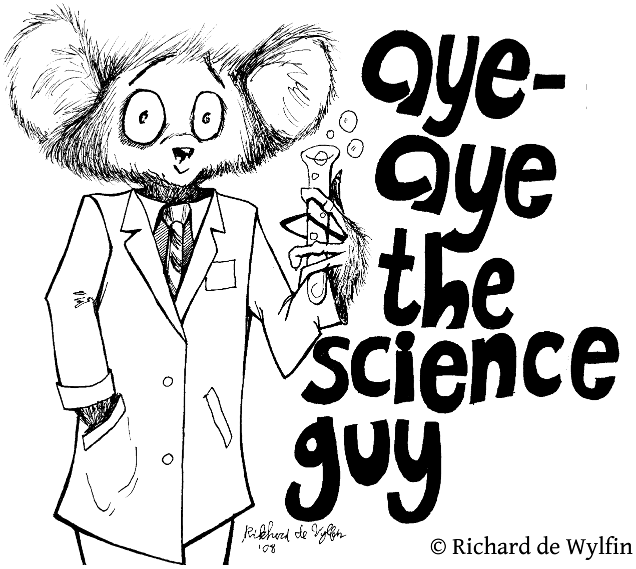
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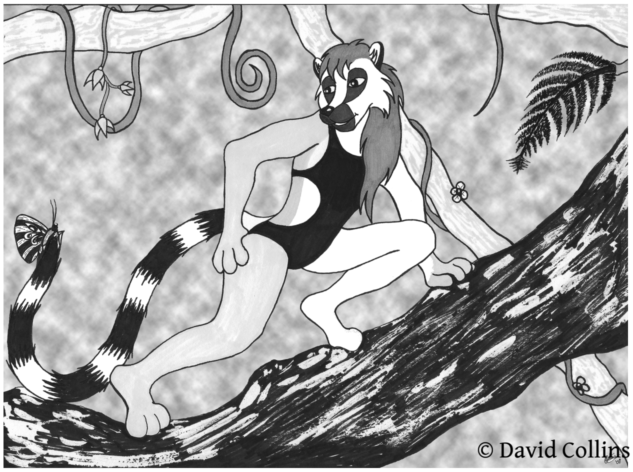
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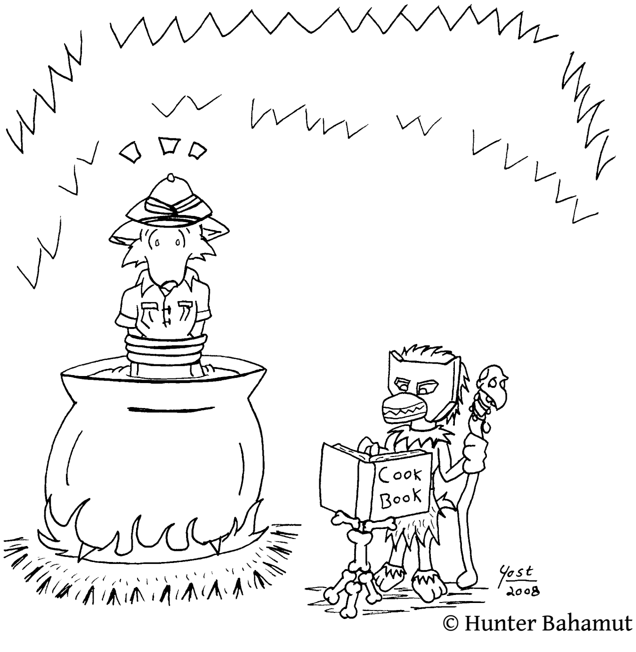
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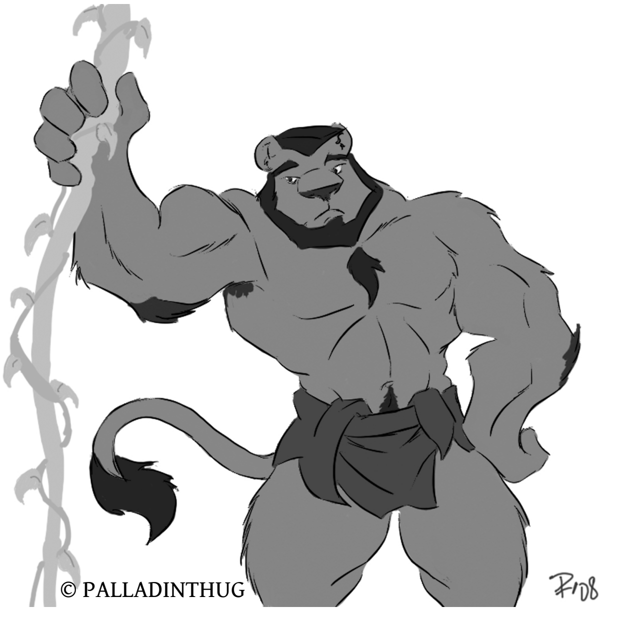

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King of the Jungle?

Charles R. de Charleroy, Jr.

During one typical dry, dusty day in the savanna, Alondro the haughty lion, lounging lazily in the shade of an acacia, got it into his head that he should be king of the jungle.

Now where did he get such an idea? Lions aren't exactly known for societal musings, after all. Eating and sleeping typically takes up most of their time, as does parading about the plains declaring their sovereignty over everything under the sun, whether or not anything actually cared.

'Twas a mischievous mynah bird that put him up to it, though it cannot be held solely to blame. It still held rather significant resentment toward the leonine kind since its cousin had only a few days previous become a light snack for one of the pride members.

"Oh yes, tu-wahk! It's quite true!" it had croaked to Alondro, fanning the vain lion's already over-extended ego. "It's very well known that lions were once kings of the jungle. But they lost their throne long ago and none have ever gone to reclaim it. But you could certainly possess it once more, for you are truly the greatest of all lions I have ever seen!"

Now, Alondro led only a small lion pride, and for some time he'd longed to be greater and more powerful, to be given the recognition and status he felt he deserved. His aspirations ascended after the mynah's declaration of his regal rights. With a shake of his resplendent ruff, he bid the mynah bird farewell and strode off in the direction it pointed him, toward the jungle where his throne awaited. The rest of the pride would be fine for a little while, after all.

"And once I have become king, they can come and join me," he decided.

Along the way, he declared his royal intention to all the beasts he passed by. The herbivorous herds loudly proclaimed their approval and bowed before him in homage. Of course, in reality they were all too happy to hear that the resident lion pride might be leaving for far, far away. For a little while, at least until another pride took their place, the herds wouldn't have to worry about being a lion's dinner! Only an old matriarch of the elephant herd lent Alondro any word of warning. She knew of the silly tale the mynah bird told, which it had picked up as a joke from the camp of some odd-looking bipedal creatures that at times passed through their lands. "You are foolish to believe a mynah bird. The jungle is not meant for lions. Be content with your kingdom here."

But Alondro, his imagination filled with glorious images of himself crowned in the jungle, wreathed with flowers, adored by all, thought it mere jealousy. "Well, I'm sure she won't be the only envious one. Not everyone can be king, after all!"

After days spent marching along, much farther than he'd expected to go, Alondro's weary legs brought him in sight of the jungle's edge. How lush it looked in the morning sunlight, with dew-flecked flowers peppering the brush and great painted butterflies fluttering between the blossoms!

"At last!" he roared with delight. "My new kingdom awaits!" And with that he strode into the jungle.

But no sooner had he penetrated beneath the canopy than an explosion of angry chatter erupted above him and a torrent of sticks and half-eaten fruit pelted his tawny hide.

"A lion!" cried the voices of a greatly agitated troop of monkeys as they bombarded the would-be king. "Go away! Lions don't belong here! Go back to eating the gazelles and zebras!"

A thunderous roar from Alondro brought temporary silence from the simians. "That's better," he growled, shaking the detritus from his mane, where sticky bits of fruit clung like bobbles upon a Christmas tree. "Show some respect! I'm here to reclaim my ancestral throne! Don't you know the lion is the king of the jungle?"

The monkeys looked at one another with astonishment. All had the same thought: Had this lion *really* fallen for *that* old folk-tale? Were lions really that stupid? "King of the jungle?" one of them snickered. "Well then! Please accept our 'offering', Your Majesty!" Bursting into boisterous chattering laughter, the monkeys resumed the rain of refuse.

A large and especially over-ripened drupe burst open upon Alondro's head, the fermented fruit's juices dripping down his brow. He glared at the offenders. "If they weren't so high in those trees," he said to himself, "I'd soon show them what happens to those who defy the king!" They'd learn the error of their ways when he took the throne! "I'll eat the lot of them!" he snarled as he bounded off through the brush to get out of range of a continuous rain of particularly pungent projectiles the monkeys had taken to tossing once they ran out of fruit.

As Alondro ran, thorny branches tore at his thick mane, which was soon being lost in great clumps as the tangles became hopelessly ensnared and he was forced to rip them free. He collapsed after several exhausting miles, panting heavily. The rising sun had heated the already sultry air to stifling levels. Not a whisper of wind penetrated the green gloom to bring any relief to the poor lion as he lay upon the forest floor. And to make matters worse, clouds of insects almost infinite in number attacked him! Bands of bees swarmed his head to get at the fruit juices which still coated him! Multitudes of minute but malicious mosquitoes molested him! And a frenzy of flies beyond even the tsetse of the savannah bit his bottom!

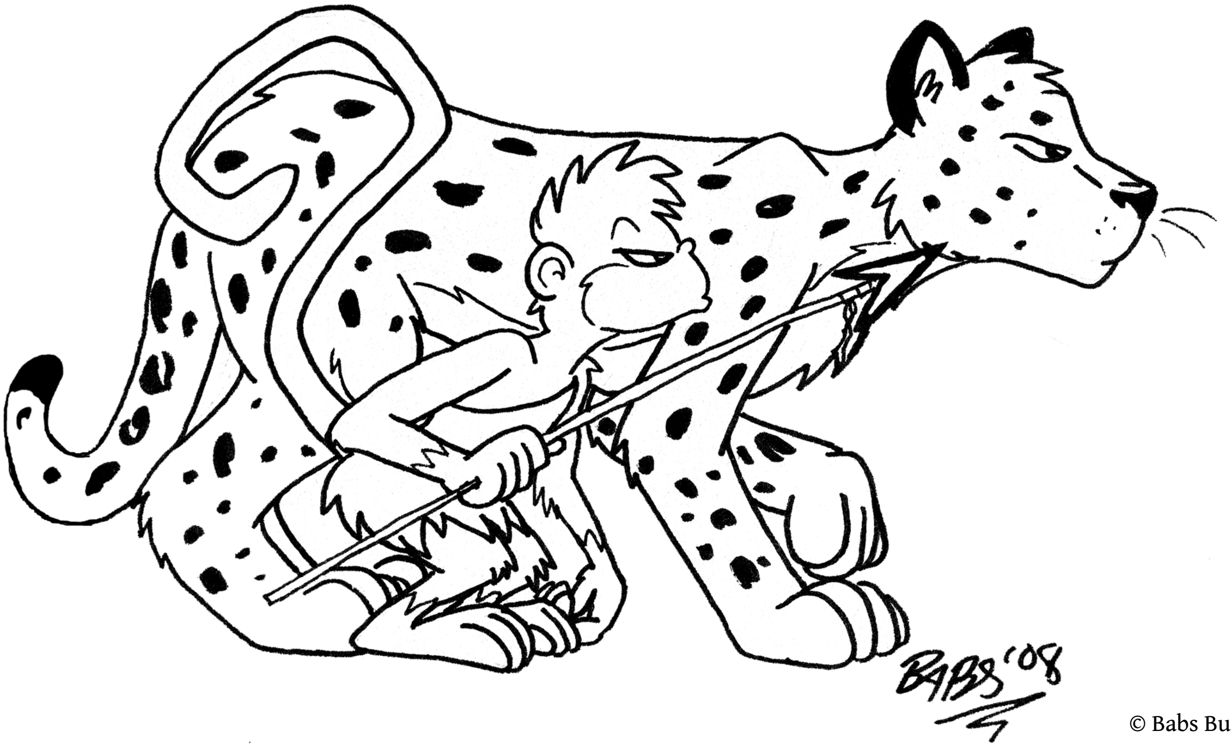
The nerve of it all! How could a great king like himself suffer such indignities? He ran with all his might; weary, hot, sore, and covered with rising welts from both the arthropod assault and many brands of nettles he'd rushed through unknowingly.

At last he beheld a broad river and decided to leap in, ignoring the typical feline misgivings about a drenching to escape his tiny tormentors. "When I'm king, I shall insist these bugs be gotten rid of!" he thought, still ignoring the obvious fact that there was no way he could be king of such a place. He reached the edge of the riverbank and jumped in without hesitation… just as a pair of gigantic reptilian jaws emerged from the water and opened wide to receive him!

Now perhaps Alondro realized the truth and the foolishness of his arrogance at last. But if so the lion was never able to tell anyone that he'd learned his lesson, as he was never seen again after the enormous crocodile which caught him in its jaws vanished into the river's murky depths.

Moral: The greater the pride one has, the farther one will eventually fall. So having only a little pride is better than falling all the way down a crocodile's gullet!

Characters and Artwork (c) Jenkiwi, IndigoAngelCat, and Peter Gresham



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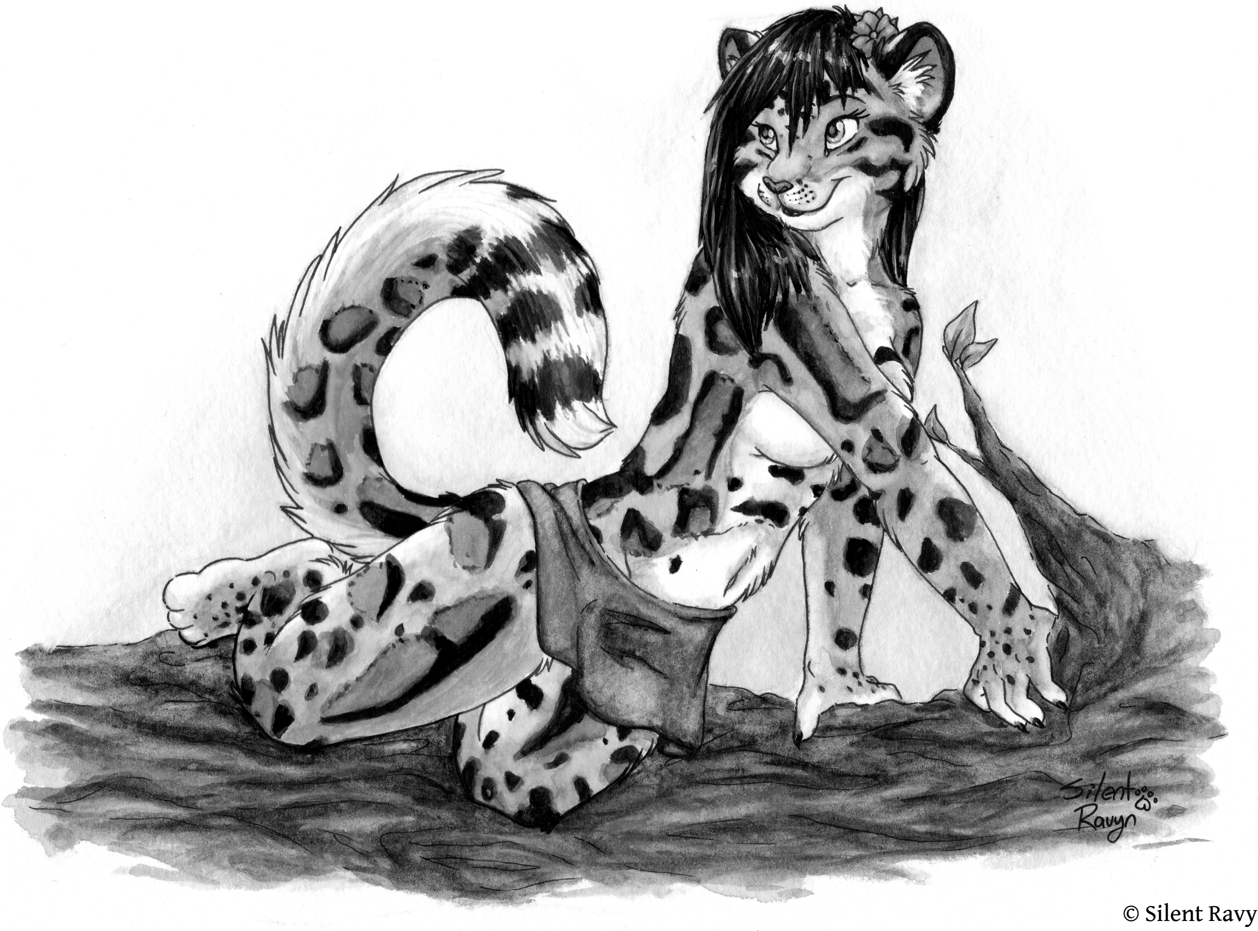
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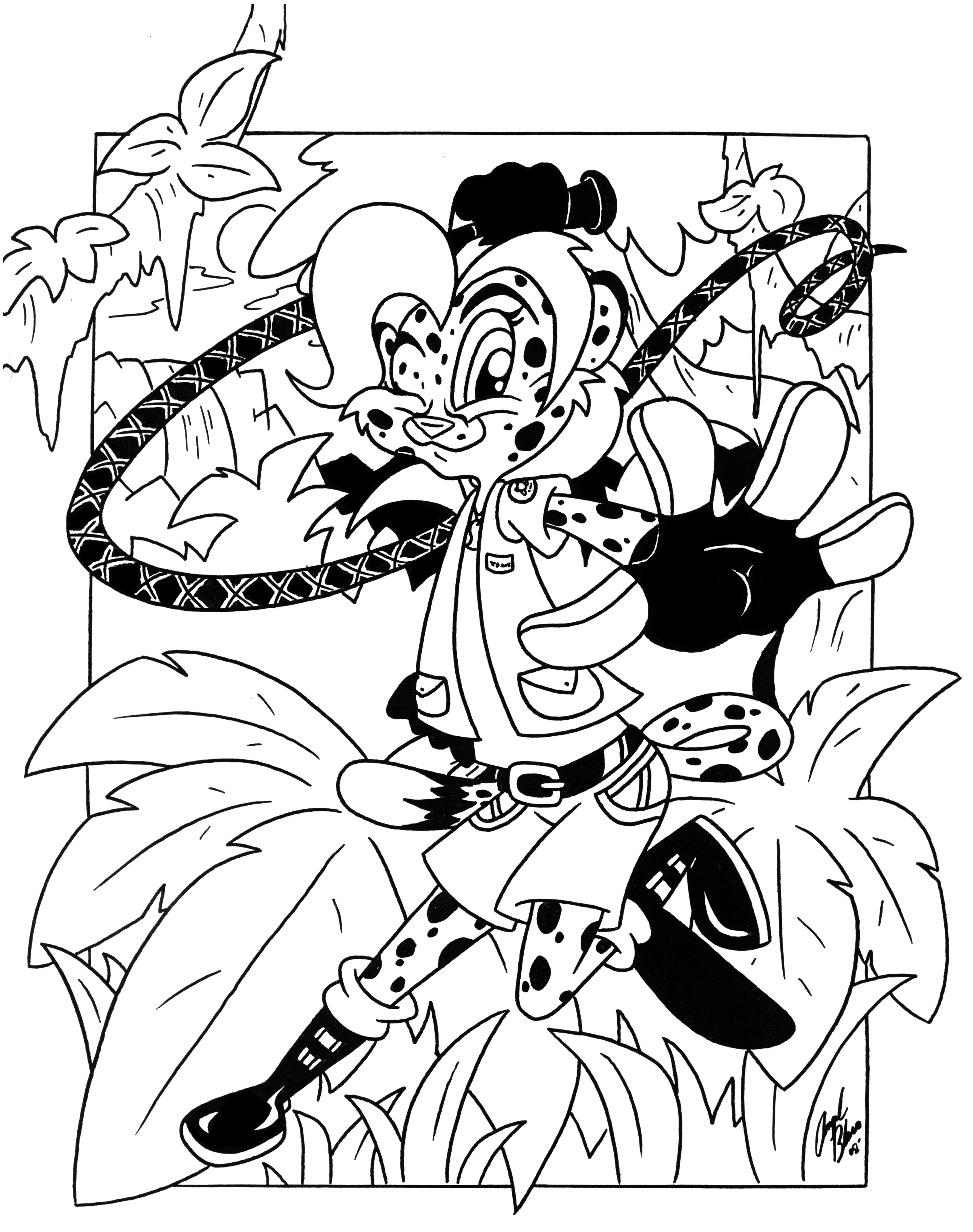

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The Last City on Earth

Ace Bearpaws

The Berlin cityscape seemed to glow with the last light of the setting sun. Nova looked out from the hotel room balcony to watch the dying sun follow its marching path over the horizon, and sighed. He was sorry he had come here. He had listened to his best friend, Loto, about the city.

“It’s the last fully standing city on Earth,” Loto had said, his tail swishing back and forth excitedly. “Think of the things we could see there!” He remembered the quips his friend had made about it being a “concrete jungle.” They had lived all of their life in the real jungle. A place where dangerous plants or animals might be hiding around the next bend in the path. In comparison to that, this place was a big snore. He stood up straight, stretching as only a feline can, his back popping and cracking in a dozen places. He picked up a brush off of the table and pushed it through the white fur of his tail. Watching the bustle of hovercars and other Wildlings on the street, he thought of how little they had actually seen. The buildings had been nice to look at from afar, but the city was filled with strange, unpleasant odors and desolate sections of buildings that looked as if they had not been maintained in ages. Squatters lived in those places, and they were filled with filth and decay. Nova had a hard time believing that anyone could live like that. Even in the rougher parts of the Amazon, life could be so much better than it was in those places. All it took was a little work. Loto had promised him that tonight would be different from the stagnation of the last few days. The red wolf padded out of the adjoining bathroom then, his fur sticking up in every direction imaginable, the results of the fur-drier.

“Ready for a night on the town?” Loto asked as he tossed a towel into the hamper just outside of the bathroom.

“Not if you are going looking like that,” Nova replied as he finished putting his black-striped white pelt in proper order with the brush. He threw the brush at Loto, who yelped. Loto ducked the brush, but at the last second his handpaw shot out, snatching the brush out of the air. A few minutes later they were each donning black leather jackets, the one article of clothing they had made exception for. In the jungle, your fur was enough to make you decent, but here it seemed that fashion had taken hold among the city Wildlings. They took the elevator down to the ground floor of the hotel. Behind the desk sat an ancient Wildling that Nova pegged for a canine of some sort. Still, he couldn’t quite place the grey-muzzled, old canine.

“Watch your tails tonight, boys,” the oldster chuckled in a voice thickly accented in German, “it’s a jungle out there!”

“Yeah, right, old timer. If the jungle were as boring as this place, we would never have anything to do but sleep,” Nova said in his deep, bass rumble. He waved to the smiling canine as they went out through the revolving door. Nova’s nose was assaulted by the smells of the city, his ears the sounds. Loto seemed to bask in the smells and sounds of the city but Nova just could not adjust. Still he went along, if only to keep his friend company. Loto led them down the street for a long, few blocks until they reached an area where the buildings began to look bleak in their condition. It was not long after that the sounds of thumping music came to Nova’s ears.

“I heard about this place while you were off watching that old movie last night. It’s a dance club. They said it was incredible.”

“Loto, you don’t even know how to dance,” Nova said, rolling his eyes.

“Seems like a good time to learn.”

Nova just laughed. When they got to the end of the street, the last building was four stories of glass and steel. The windows pulsed with laser lights, and the thump of the music nearly made the ground shake. Loto opened the doors, and the thunderous noise within made Nova flatten his ears to his head. “It’s so loud!”

“It sounds awesome!” Loto said as he went inside. Nova had little choice but to follow him. He didn’t want to stand outside on the darkened street alone. Loto had already disappeared among the press of flailing tails and flashing bodies. Nova just shook his head as he made his way to the bar. He sat down on a bar stool and the tender, a tall female wolf with white fur, finally made her way to the end of the bar.

"What'll it be, Stripes?" she asked with a smirk. Her voice had only a very slight German accent. Most everyone they had encountered on their journey spoke English accented one way or another. He and Loto were no exceptions, but he couldn't hear his own accent. So much had changed since the last war years ago. Berlin was the last true city in the world left standing.

"Well, I am in Germany, so I would guess I should have a beer," Nova said with toothy feline grin. He dropped enough on the bar to cover the beer and a hefty tip. Turning his back to the bar, he sipped from the large stein of beer, watching the jumble of Wildlings on the dance floor.

He nursed his beer for about an hour before he discovered he was also nursing a headache. It was not long before he couldn't stand the noise anymore. He waded out into the sea of bodies, trying his best not to knock anyone down. He spent almost another hour looking for Loto with no success before he gave up. He slipped out of the club with haste. As soon as the doors closed behind him, he swore his head was pounding in time with the music.

"This is the last time I let him talk me into anything," Nova growled as he began to walk down the block toward the hotel. A wind kicked up, carrying the whispers of voices from the alleyway ahead. The voices were in German, and were just out of his range of hearing. It was enough to make him walk faster, but as he passed the alleyway he heard a scuffle and a groan that caused him to turn his head. His feline eyes penetrated the darkness, and he caught a glimpse of a scene that horrified him. Beneath the gaze of two large Wildlings was Loto's immobile form.

For a moment, he froze. He did not know what to do. They were not as large as Nova himself, and he guessed that they were wolves or some other canine breed. They were jabbering back and forth in German. Then one of them crouched over Loto and began to rifle through his clothing. That was the last straw. Nova slipped into the alleyway using every bit of stealth he could muster. He crept up close behind and, just as he raised his fist, he kicked a tin can. It was too late though, the wolf spun on him. Nova punched him as hard as he could. He heard the distinct snap of cartilage and bone. The wolf collapsed into a heap on the ground.

The other was another matter. He did not rise, but dove at Nova's legs, knocking him onto his back. Nova tried to scramble away but the Wildling had a solid grip on his legs. He punched him on top of the head, but received only a growl in response. Nova's handpaws scrambled across the ground trying to find something to knock this canine out with. He howled as he felt teeth bite into his leg. That was when his fingers closed around a heavy, glass bottle. He wasted no time swinging it like a club. The sharp sound of glass shattering filled the alleyway as the canine fell unconscious on top of Nova.

He grunted as he pushed the unconscious body off of himself. He pushed himself to his footpaws, his tail whipping back and forth angrily as he stalked over to Loto. He checked his friend over but found no injuries past a lump on the back of his head where he had been knocked out. Nova shook him lightly by the shoulders. "Come on buddy, wake up!"

Slowly Loto's eyes came open. "Uggggghhh," Loto groaned, as his handpaw went to his head. "I guess that old timer was right."

"Yeah, it is a jungle out here," Nova mumbled as he pulled Loto to his footpaws to set off for their hotel.

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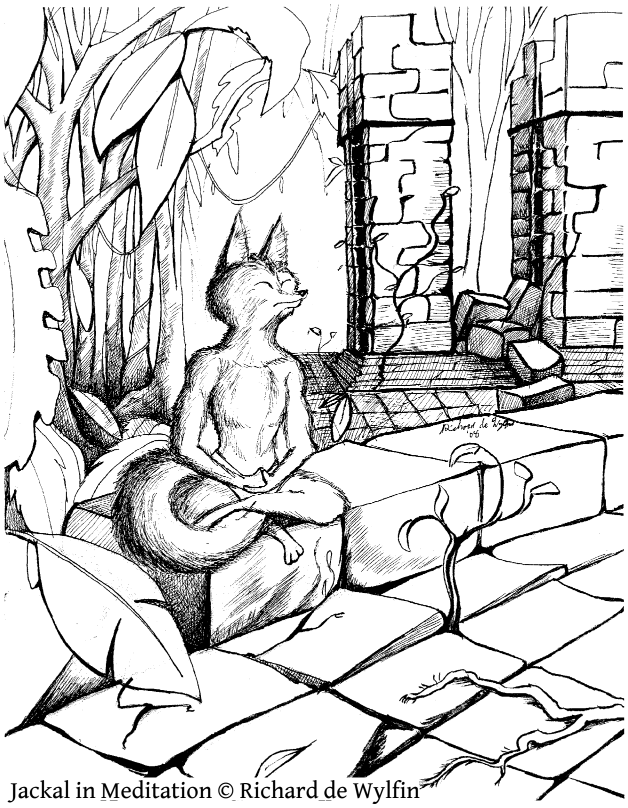
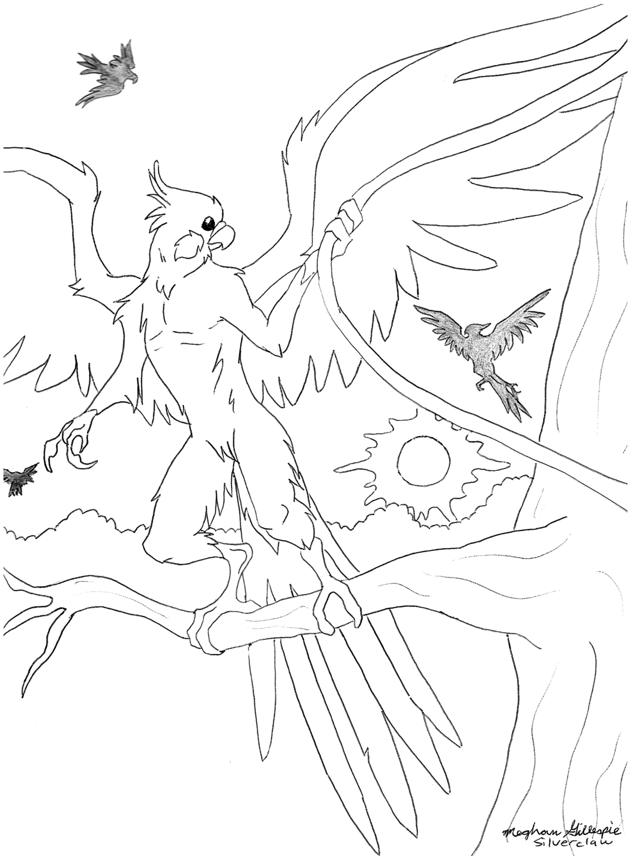

Richard de Wylfin '08

Jackal in Meditation © Richard de Wylfin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Silverclaw

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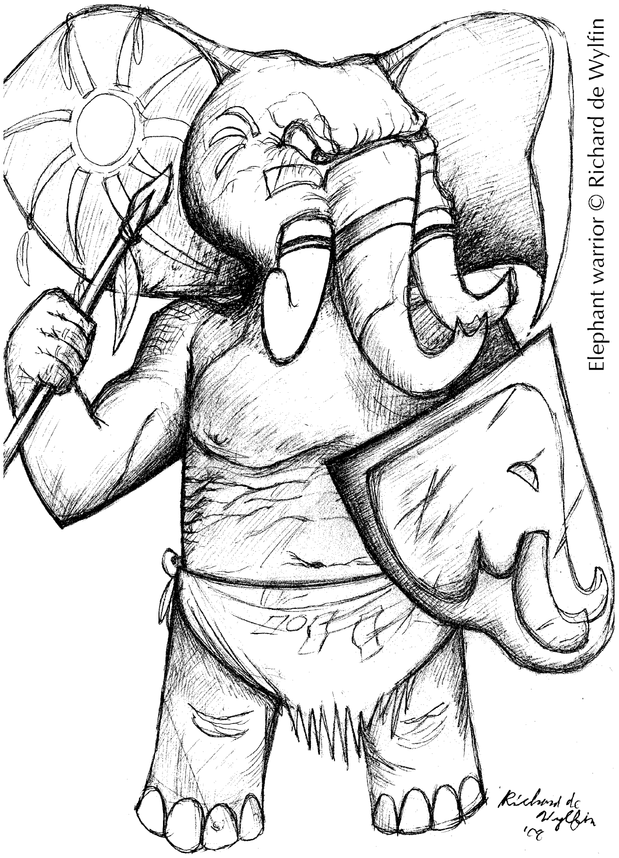
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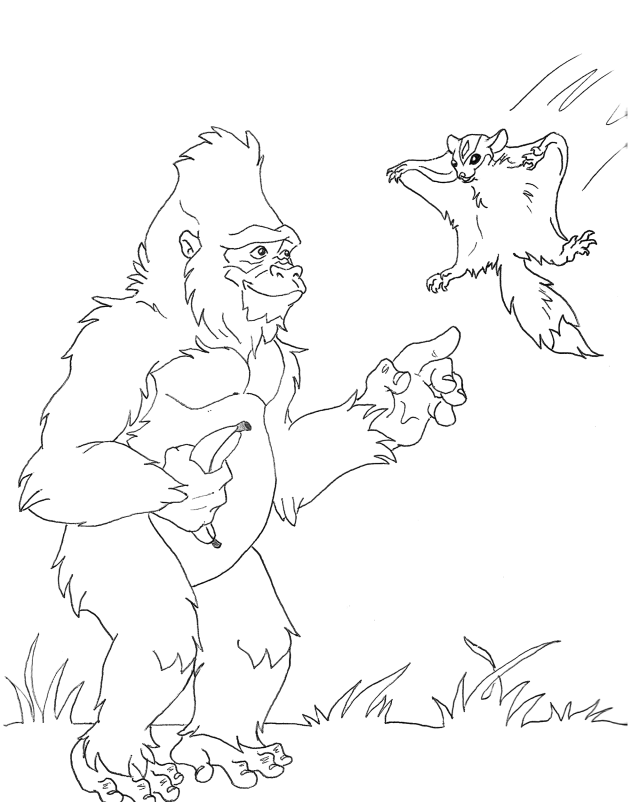
Elephant warrior © Richard de Wylfin



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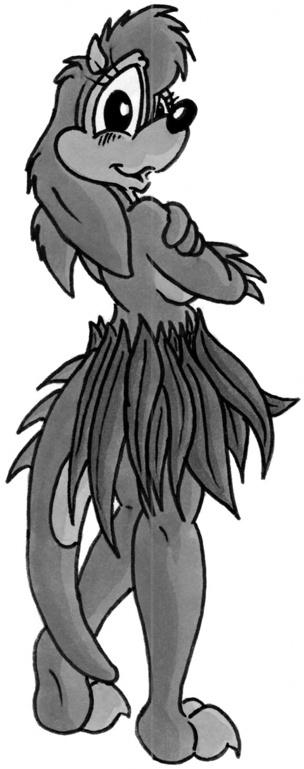

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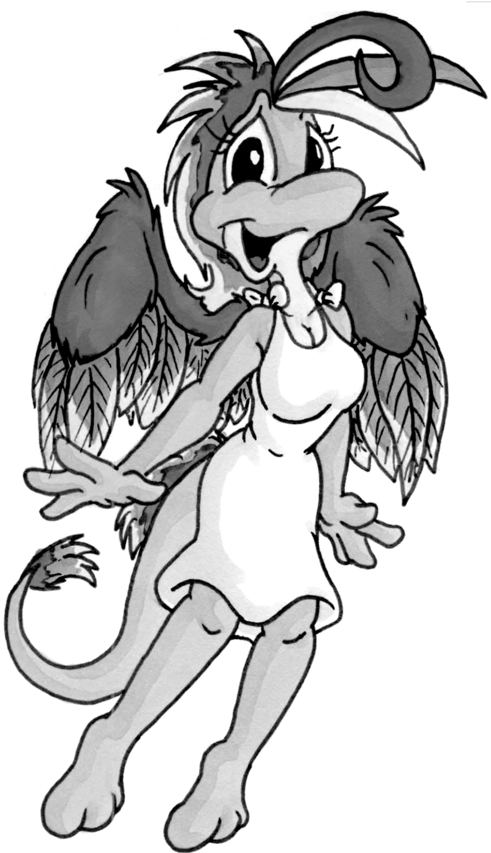

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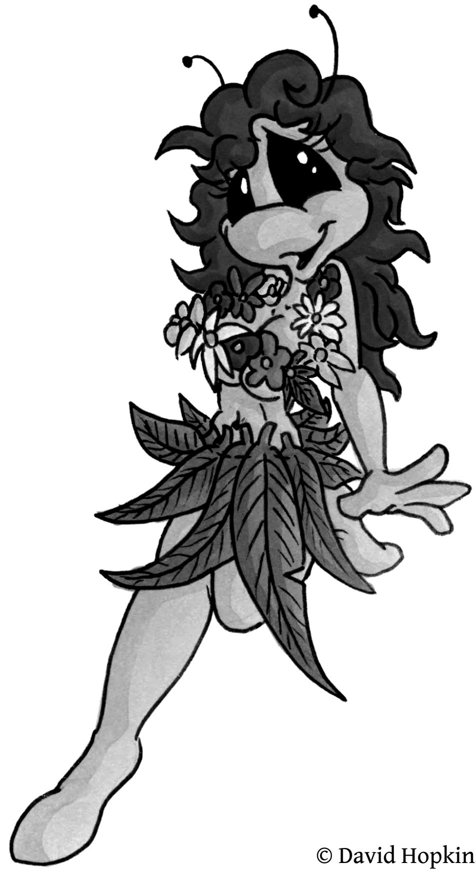

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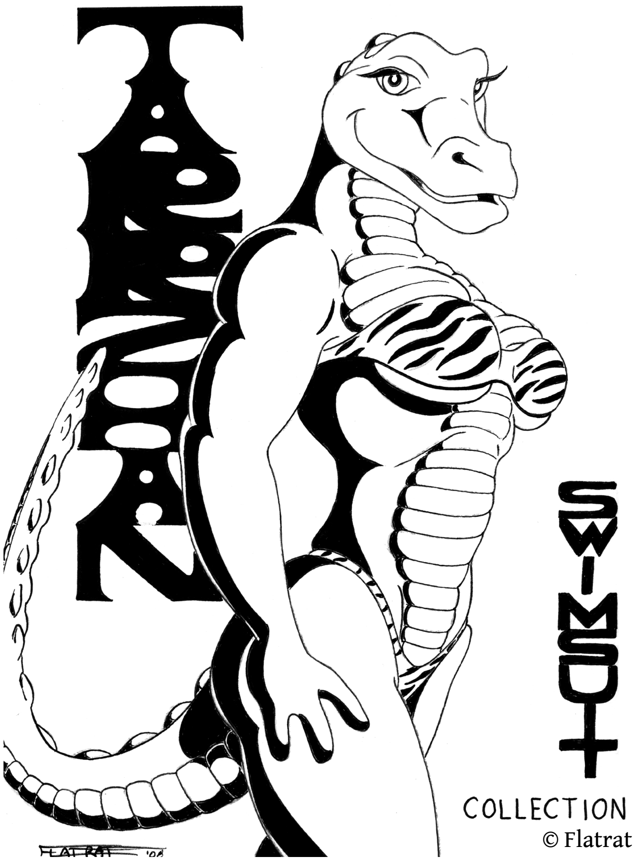
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SWIMSUIT
COLLECTION
FLATRAT '08

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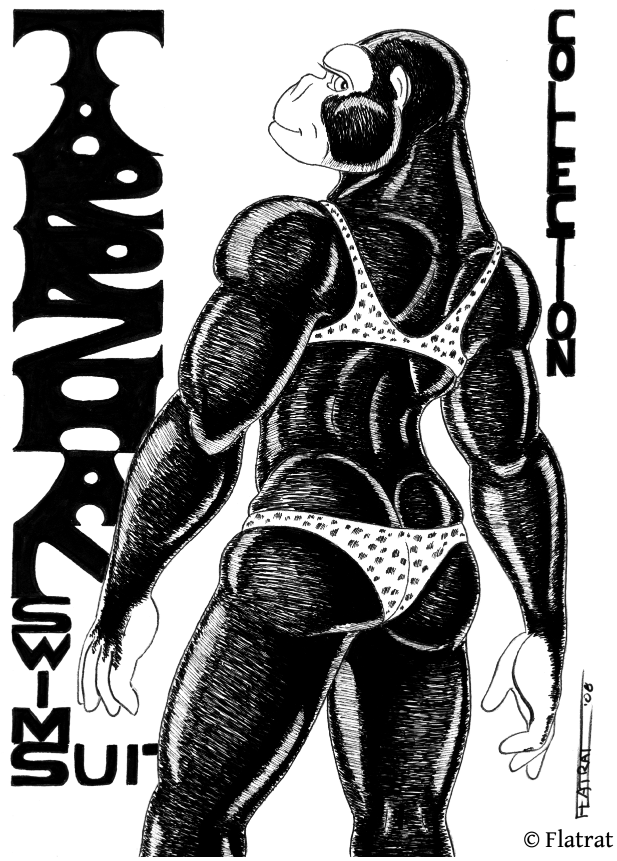
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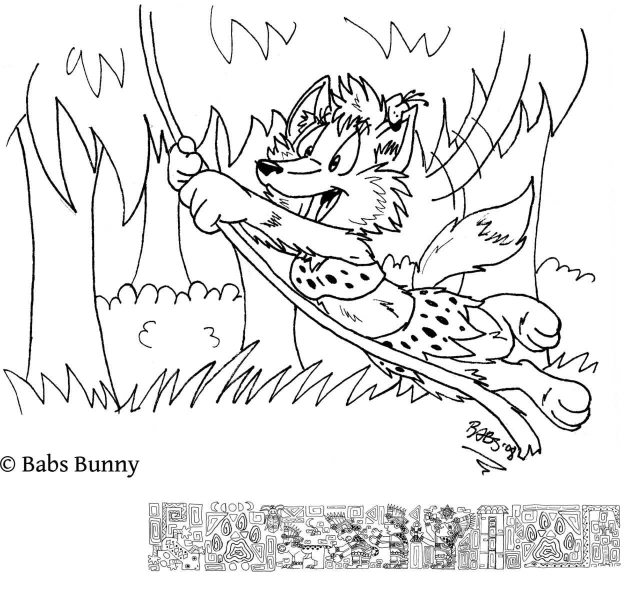

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The Dorsai Irregulars

The Dorsai Irregulars—or DI for short—is an organization of Science Fiction fans that provides volunteer services to Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Media Fannish conventions. These services include security, operations support, room and crowd control, art show operations, and auctioneering. The DI have been providing support services for Anthrocon since 2002.

The Dorsai Irregulars share a common love of Science Fiction, commitment to service at SF events, and trust in each other. The DI work as a "Crew" of about five to twenty-five on any given convention contract. Their collective persona is loosely based on the company of space mercenaries known as Dorsai, from the novels of Gordon R. Dickson.

"How do I join?" is the question most frequently asked of the Dorsai Irregulars. The answer is, like the old joke about getting to Carnegie Hall, "Practice!" Membership in the DI is by invitation only. New members are chosen primarily from people they have worked with and who work well with the Crew; for their willingness to work selflessly, good nature, ability to think on their feet, sense of responsibility, and ability to perform various roles in the organization. There is no official limit or quota on new members but the selection process is somewhat complex and lengthy.

More information on the Dorsai Irregulars is available on their web site at *www.di.org*

MAN, IT GETS DARK FAST IN THE JUNGLE!
THE UNION OF THE SNAKE IS ON THE PROOOWLLL...
3/08

© The Gneech

FURRIES AND NON-FURRIES WIN PRIZES!

- TURN IN A SURVEY, YOU GET A PRIZE!!
- YOU MAY WIN ONE OF MANY $20 GIFT CERTIFICATES!
- SURVEY IS IN YOUR CON BAG, PENCIL INCLUDED!
- WAITING FOR AN EVENT? FILL OUT THE SURVEY!
- DON'T MISS OUT!
- SURVEY IS UNCLE KAGE APPROVED!
- DETAILS ATTACHED TO THE SURVEY IN YOUR CON BAG.

Missing In Action

C. Lawrence Wenham

My great-grandmother died on the seventeenth of August, 1958, in the embrace of a fireball consuming the Thor-Able I, seventy-seven seconds after she began her ascent into heaven. What I know of her face comes from the televisions on which I was trained, which showed flashes of her grey nose amidst the machinery made by Builder animals. They'd posthumously named her Mia, like it embodied some kind of hope of her recovery, in this world or the next. MIA: missing in action, one small mouse. I am an awesome distance from her resting place now, but I can still remember the smell of her from the same mazes she'd run and the same cage where she'd slept.

I'm passing the first world that the Builder animals landed upon, and it's as pocked and wrought with craters as I was taught to imagine. Even this, as big and as far, is slipping away fast, and its penumbra against the crystal lens is rippling the field of stars ahead of me with layers and layers of compressive effects brought on by speed and gravity. My heart is hurting for my old home, the nest of sawdust, and the view through a window to a tall cactus tree. I've got pain about me so severe in my breast and neck and I can smell the stench of plastic melting on wires. What I know of my world is going black and speckled with pinprick fragments of light. And the acceleration has only begun; blanking out my thoughts between syrupy breaths. I'm only seventeen months old and I never got to see my parents.

Washed asleep by waves of gravity, I'm dreaming of Waking Up for the first time. I'm seeing the blur of my tutor for the first time, and I can hardly wait to hear him teach me the world. A frontier was once conquered, he said, and his kind filled the fertile voids that were beyond it. His own parents moved soil around until living things grew out of it and, enriched by its surplus, they sent him away to a great school. He became wise, he selected my great grandmother, and he sent her to die. And then he did the same thing for the trees, embalming their seeds and packing them together in liquid in a ball in a tube in a shiny rocket in a rocket pad in a marsh by the ocean. And off they went, lifting into the sky on top of flames, smothering the spectators with sulfurous clouds of smoke and beating the same path my little craft follows now. I can't breathe, I can't urinate, I can't even feel my whiskers. I think I can see a red disk in the bottom of the sky, where the sun ought to be, shrinking away.

I'm now older than any of my kind have been before, and I've passed by that horrendous slingshot about the pink gas giant, past the termination shock and onto the doorstep of the Oort Cloud. Now there's all calm, and peace and rest. The acceleration feels as if it's over, and I can now hear the pitter-patter of the Builder signals intruding on my reverie. So far away now from ache and obligation, I could luxuriously ignore them and sleep-in a decade, but pieces of their dismantling history prick my ears. A Builder-lion called Nixon had fallen lame and ceded control of the jungle, while a fanfare erupts from Arecibo. All of it is scattered my way by electron beams that the big dish antenna strapped to my back had been collecting.

Colder and colder it gets until I can feel the gentle tingle of neutrons sneaking past lead, coming from either side of me on the end of long metal arms. Something hot glows within them and leaks a tiny current of electric power to keep tiny pumps running, keeping my tiny mind running, but slower and slower each year.

The Builder who chose me is long dead now, but I can hear the last thing he said around me, like it was this morning.

"Have her left anterior intraparietal lead connected to motor feedback. Maintain her environment's temperature at ninety-eight five. I'd like a cup of tea with milk and one sugar. Is it that time already? Audrey, can you close the hatch over the bio-enclosure?

"Tinkerbell? Can you hear me? You can understand what I'm saying, can't you? We gave you a little genetic gift from a Mister Paul Broca, and a little bit of in-flight entertainment.

"You get to see the universe!"

My spacecraft began its vast journey with a catapult around the Moon. Then it swung about Jupiter and picked up a bit of energy around Neptune. A little radio that cost a million dollars conveys my progress back to Earth. Earth is a world splashed with a thin film of soupy biology, partially occupied by a race of Builders who all think that urgency and needs make them important. The nineteen-eighties flash by me, then the nineteen-nineties blink away. At this unprecedented speed I'm traveling, that and ten thousand decades more vanish. What my gut can feel is only a number to the atomically-powered machine around me; heaven has come and gone, and I'm so lonely.

Mister Broca has been dead for an eon now and my teacher nearly as much. A platinum disk thrums below my chest and I keep hearing the mission it pronounces over and over again. But now I'm sick and tired of it, and I'm afraid of what the message means. And I can feel my whiskers again, as if the pumps of Bryukhonenko's diabolical device happened to feed them fresh blood to wake them up again, only to starve them asleep a century later when a tube shifts and the current of living fluid redirects to someplace else in me.

I have a thought only once a year, and my own heart beats only once a month. My perspective through this crystal peephole is compressed even further by my little craft's ambitions to reach *c*. So it takes a decade of squinting, but I can make out the glittery shape of a galaxy being consumed by my own. In a tiger pounce at glacial speed, its claw-like spiral arms are rending a wound a billion light years long and spilling starry blood like cottage cheese. While in another corner of the lens there is a tropical nebula grove woven from thousands of lotus flowers, where each petal is a birthplace of suns, and the gravitic wind in which they sway is blown by a pair of collapsed stars spinning about their barycenter.

In a car, in a storm, a man called Mr. Von Braun stops to chat with a guard at a gate. The guard, it seems, liberated Jews from a camp in the spring of '45, and though his parka is drenched and the wind is blowing saltwater in his face, he still asks for the driver's ID when he hears his brusque German accent. In the trunk of the car is a mouse, and on the passenger seat is a plan. In the plan there is a path to God knows where, and at the destination is a tiny little future.

"A swing around the gas giant and then a passage, yes? Eight hundred thousand years long. First goes the flora in a little package in January of '71, then some fauna a year later. A mouse sick with Bonyschev's bacteria and kept alive in suspension so she'll emerge and give birth to her own clones. Much much later our grandchildren arrive, and the ecology is already established for them—*here*! On a world we will never personally know."

It is now much, much later. God has retired. The signals from home and her birds of fortune are long gone. The tenth and eleventh Pioneers have been smashed apart. Both of the Voyagers are too tired to speak. I'm so cold that the cosmic wind grazing the spacecraft's skin feels tepid and relaxing. I can't feel my own jaw. I can't feel my tail. I can't feel my life, but I'm conscious of where I am, of what I am, and of where I've been.

For forever I've watched Nivenesque flecks of butter orbit the churn of the galaxy and cometary flocks migrating across its arms. For the last thousand years I've been flotsam on the surface of a broad, Amazonian river of hydrogen and ice. But now there's a dull round body coming up before me, sliced in half by yellow light and getting greener with each moment. A hundred thousand years ago I heard the last blip of the Builders—spending their final years thinking and designing and loading the boat for some other destination, to whom I'd offer this new world as a tribute to what must be a peculiar obsession with cast seeds.

I make a messy landing and arrive two hundred kilometers from where the flora capsule splashed down a relativistically-warped millennium ago. With pain apocalyptic, I wriggle out of the ancient apparatus that kept me alive beyond my time, its connections and tubes falling off me and the amniotic fluid running out of my nose. To the grey-looking sun in the sky I make a salute with a twitch of my ear.

A violent storm of vegetation surrounds me and there's not a predator in sight. The Builders forgot to send a parcel of sons and daughters here and not enough time has evolved to create some. Once more I remember my grandmother and step out onto the carpet of biology. A mouse in paradise, the new lion of the jungle.

Anthrocon Standards of Conduct

Version 2.3

Introduction

The primary purpose of Anthrocon is for our attendees to have fun. To ensure that the greatest number of people achieve this objective, we have established certain rules of conduct. By them we seek only to ensure that the behavior of any one small group does not disturb the membership as a whole, nor detract from the relaxed and comfortable atmosphere of the convention. Anthrocon welcomes all parties with an interest in anthropomorphics. However, the convention's management reserves the right to deny or revoke the membership of any individual at any time for any reason. This action may be undertaken in the event that an individual's presence or behavior causes significant interference with convention operations or adversely affects the organization's relationship with its guests or with its venue. Anthrocon also reserves the right to amend these rules at any time without prior or posted notice. If you have any questions, please contact the convention operations staff and they will assist you.

Anyone who accepts a membership badge agrees to indemnify and hold harmless Anthrocon, Inc. from any claim for personal injuries or other damages or equity arising out of any individual's activities at Anthrocon, even if such injury or damage is caused by negligence by or on the part of Anthrocon, Inc.

General Rating of the Convention and Public Decorum

Anthrocon prides itself on presenting an atmosphere that is comfortable for anthropomorphics fans of all ages and from all walks of life and Anthrocon members are expected to act accordingly. All convention areas are considered to be "PG" at all times, with the exception of events or exhibits that are specifically noted to be inappropriate for minors and access to which is monitored by Anthrocon Security staff.

Public displays of affection beyond what is appropriate for polite company are frowned upon. You will be asked to express your devotion to your significant other either in less conspicuous ways or in private.

Shirts, pants/shorts, and footwear must be worn when in the lobby of the hotel, in the Convention Center, and in any restaurant. Bathing suits in the lobby or the Convention Center are not considered to be appropriate attire. Costumes (fursuits) are considered "appropriate attire" in all areas of the hotel and Convention Center except for the restaurants and the pool area, provided that the costumes are not unacceptably revealing. Costumes are not permitted in the restaurants or the pool area due to concerns for the safety of the costumer.

Attendees, when in public areas, may not wear clothing which is overly revealing or inappropriate to the atmosphere of the convention. The latter includes fetish-related garb and accouterments. Collars are acceptable and are worn by numerous attendees as a fashion statement, but leashes attached thereunto are not.

Attendance by Minors

Anthrocon strives to maintain an environment that is safe and enjoyable for all members of all ages; we cannot, however, take responsibility for the actions of individual members, neither will we assume responsibility for those who are the legal responsibility of someone else. A minor, defined as a person under eighteen years of age who has not been legally emancipated from his or her parents, must either be accompanied at all times by a parent or legal guardian, or present a signed and notarized statement (available on Anthrocon's web page or from the registration department) indicating parental permission to attend unescorted. Even with such permission, minors must not attempt to attend any events intended for mature audiences unless accompanied by a parent or legal guardian.

In the past, minors have attempted to enter the convention under false pretenses or by forging documentation. In these instances, Anthrocon has no choice but to remand the minor in question immediately to the custody of the local police.

Weapons Policy

To ensure the safety of all those attending the convention, Anthrocon maintains a very strict weapons policy. These policies are enforced at all times. Anyone who has questions about this policy should speak directly to the Chief of Security.

No weapons or any item that can be easily mistaken for one may be carried either openly or concealed at any time in convention space, regardless of any concealed carry permits you may possess. Padded swords, *bokken,* and similar striking implements used to practice swordplay may not be used in any convention area. Weapon replicas may be worn as part of a costume only at the Masquerade and during convention-sponsored costuming events at the discretion of the Masquerade Director and must be cased or otherwise secured when being transported to and from that event. If you have any questions as to the permissibility of a prop for your masquerade performance, please contact the Masquerade Director prior to the convention.

An exception will be made for folding pocket knives such as Swiss Army knives, provided they contain no double-edged blades and no blade longer than four inches (which would make them illegal to carry in Pennsylvania). If at any time these items are held or used in such a way that would be construed as threatening, however, they will be considered weapons.

Pet Policy

Anthrocon does not allow pets. This is for the protection of the pet, the pet owner, and our attendees as a whole. Service animals are permitted in accordance with the Americans With Disabilities Act.

Posting of Announcements, Fliers, etc.

Anthrocon provides a message board in a public area where members may post messages, place announcements for get-togethers, etc. Since the message board is in a public area, please do not post anything that may reflect poorly on the convention as a whole. The staff reserves the right to remove any posted materials that are considered inappropriate.

Do not affix anything to the walls of the hotel or Convention Center, including in the elevators. Hotel and Convention Center staff are authorized to remove any unauthorized postings on sight. Likewise, please do not affix any postings to, or deface in any way, the directional signs placed by Anthrocon. These cost money and are easily damaged by tape being placed upon them.

Sales of Merchandise

The offering for sale of any merchandise at the convention may be undertaken only in the Dealers' room, in the Art Show, and in Artists' Alley; in all cases the sale will be governed by the rules applicable to those areas. Please note that it is illegal according to multiple local regulations to sell merchandise or services in any area of the hotel or Convention Center that are not so designated. Such activities constitute "illegal solicitation" and may result in the perpetrator being removed from hotel grounds.

Personal Conduct in Convention Areas and in Public Areas of the Hotel

Anthrocon functions are open only to members. All attendees should wear their membership badges at all times. A badge is valid only for the person to whom it was issued; badges may not be shared under any circumstances.

There is no smoking in any portion of the Westin Hotel, even in the sleeping rooms. There is likewise no smoking in any portion of the Convention Center. Our hosts respectfully request that those people who step outside to smoke kindly refrain from standing directly in front of any of the entrances, as the smoke is simply carried inside.

Please remember that you are a guest of the hotel, and that there may be other guests staying or dining at the hotel who are not members of the convention. It is only common courtesy to maintain a level of noise appropriate to the time and place. We expect everyone to cooperate fully with Anthrocon and with local security personnel. "Disorderly conduct" may result in revocation of your membership and includes any and all fighting, any inappropriate horseplay, or any actions that directly or recklessly cause undue disturbance or disruption of any convention or hotel function. This restriction also holds for the Convention Center.

No items of any kind, including paper airplanes, may be thrown or dropped from the hotel or Convention Center balconies or patios.

No water pistols, silly string, or any other projectile-type toy may be used in any public area of the hotel or Convention Center.

No sleeping in the lobby, the hallways, the meeting rooms or the Zoo. Get a room, please!

Requests for room amenities such as towels and pillows beyond the number that is reasonable and customary for a single room will not be honored. Kindly bring such extra items from home if they are expected to be required.

A very small number of individuals who have engaged in disruptive behavior in the past have had their membership privileges revoked and are not permitted to attend the convention. We ask that our members respect such a decision, which is always made after careful consideration by the entire Board of Directors. Deliberate attempts to circumvent this restriction by facilitating the transportation, housing or attendance by an individual known to be unwelcome at the convention constitute "disorderly conduct" and will be addressed in the appropriate fashion.

Attendees must not attempt to cross any barriers (such as curtains or stanchions) without being accompanied by an Anthrocon staff member. Crossing such a barrier or otherwise entering an area that is off-limits to our attendees may result in suspension of your membership and removal from the convention.

Anthrocon maintains a cordial and mutually-supportive relationship with the local labor unions. Any disagreements with hotel or Convention Center staff should be directed immediately to Anthrocon's Operations Office.

Harassment

Anthrocon is dedicated to providing a safe and comfortable convention experience for everyone. Harassment of any kind, including physical assault, battery, deliberate intimidation, stalking, or unwelcome physical attentions, will not be tolerated. If people tell you "no" or to leave them alone, your business with them is done; leave them alone. Do not follow them or attempt to disrupt their convention experience in any way. If you continue to attempt to have contact with those people, you may be removed from the premises.

Anthrocon is not responsible for solving any interpersonal problems that may arise between individual members. In general, we can take no action to prevent a person from attending the convention unless that person has made a specific and credible threat toward the convention itself. If you feel that a threat exists against your person, we advise you to seek a restraining order against the individual in question and to present it to the chairman in advance of the convention; otherwise, we recommend simply avoiding that individual. If that individual stalks, harasses, or attempts to assault you at the convention itself, you may report that individual to a member of the security staff and the appropriate action will be taken. Conversely, any attempt to have an innocent person removed from the convention by falsely accusing him or her of threats will be itself treated as an act of harassment and will be dealt with appropriately. The responsibility for settling interpersonal disputes lies solely with the individuals involved, and Anthrocon will not tolerate being used as a leveraging point in such disputes.

Substance Abuse

The sale or other distribution of any illegal or controlled substances is not welcome at Anthrocon. Any individual found to be distributing such substances will be removed and reported directly to the local authorities. Bottled alcoholic beverages may legally be given as gifts (but not sold by unlicensed individuals in Pennsylvania). Anthrocon asks that such beverages be consumed in the privacy of a hotel room and not taken into any convention function or function space. Please note an important caveat involving minors: Anyone knowingly or unknowingly providing alcohol to anyone under the age of twenty-one will be guilty of a felony and will be turned over to the authorities. It is the sole responsibility of persons serving alcohol in room parties to ensure that every person in attendance is over the age of twenty-one, even if that person is not drinking alcohol. The Pennsylvania Liquor Control Board is extremely serious about this law and we ask our members to respect it.

Use of Video or Audio Footage and Media Relations

Anthrocon members are welcome to record their memories of the convention for their own personal use. Additionally, there is a chance that Anthrocon members may end up with their likeness in the Convention highlights video or similar media productions produced by Anthrocon. To account for this and to protect members from exploitation by unscrupulous parties, the following rules have been implemented.

For the purposes of this section the term "recording" is representative of any media capturing medium or devices, audio, visual, or otherwise.

Anthrocon, Inc. (hereafter Anthrocon) retains the rights to all recordings of the convention. Individual members are allowed private use of any recording they have personally recorded at the convention. Public broadcast of a recording of any part of the convention is prohibited without written permission from Anthrocon. The sole exception to this rule involves still photos. Anthrocon permits (and encourages) members to share photographs of their convention experience on personal web pages. Video and audio recordings, however, may not be made available on the Internet without written permission from Anthrocon.

- Members may not seek out or interview other members for the creation of a publicly-available recording without written permission of Anthrocon and must be escorted by a senior staff member at all times while on the premises.
- Members may not portray themselves as representative of or use the name of Anthrocon in any recording (both at the convention or elsewhere) without written permission from Anthrocon.
- Members may not offer for broadcast or distribution any recording that includes the imagery of Anthrocon without written permission from Anthrocon.
- Members must agree that for any recording which includes the imagery of Anthrocon they assign *all* related rights, compensations, and royalties from the usage of said recording to Anthrocon.
- Individual members agree to assign, without compensation, the use of their likeness(es) at Anthrocon for the use of promotional material such as the highlights videos.
- Any recording that is made by Anthrocon in a setting that offers a reasonable expectation of privacy (such as in a hotel room or non-public party or area) will not be used without the member's written permission.
- Parties interested in making recordings for public interest should contact the Chairman for further information.
- Members are not permitted to film items displayed in the art show except with the explicit permission of, and under the direct supervision of, the Art Show Director. All cameras and other recording devices must be checked at the art show entrance. Anthrocon assumes no responsibility for checked items. Cell phones may not be used in the Art Show at any time. If you wish to make or receive a call, you must exit the room.
- Anthrocon may allow certain members of the media to film or conduct interviews at the convention. These people will always be accompanied by an Anthrocon

senior staff member. Members should not grant interviews with unescorted media, and are strongly discouraged from inviting such media to their hotel rooms.

Payments to Anthrocon

Please note that Anthrocon is a 501(c)7 nonprofit organization. As such, donations to the organization are not deductible from individual U.S. Federal income taxes.

Anthrocon is pleased to accept personal checks. Checks that are presented against insufficient funds, however, must be charged a fee of $30 per check. Anthrocon also accepts a variety of credit cards as payment. We will attempt to resolve any dispute involving a credit card payment to Anthrocon in an amicable fashion. Chargebacks (denying payment to a credit card company for a specific charge) that are made for the sole purpose of avoiding payment, that are made without sufficient cause, or that are made without first attempting to resolve the dispute with Anthrocon may result in permanent revocation of membership privileges and possible legal action.

Members who have an outstanding balance due to Anthrocon must settle that balance before being permitted to attend the convention.

Anthrocon cannot involve itself in financial disputes between individual members and cannot divulge information about an individual member to any party other than to banking officials or legal authorities.

Miscellaneous Notes

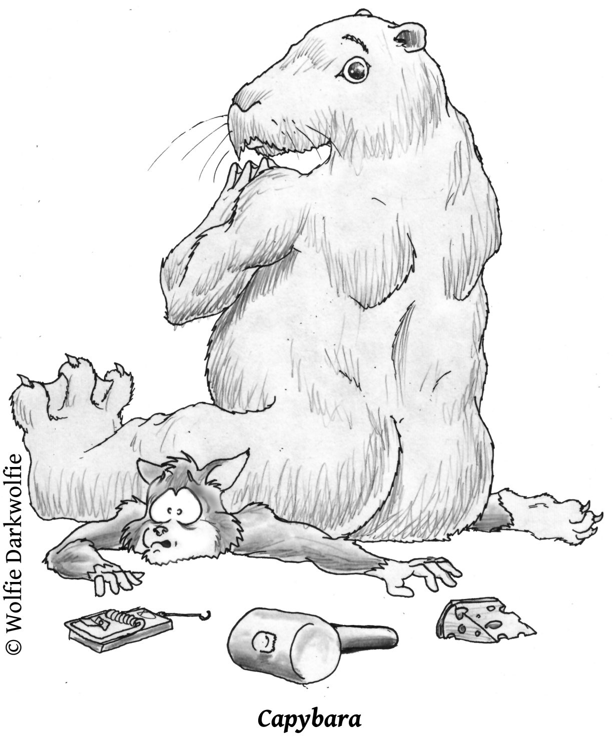
The standards of conduct for Anthrocon will be strictly enforced by Anthrocon security volunteers who will be clearly identified as such on site. Please remember that your con badges are property of Anthrocon for the duration of the convention and must be presented or surrendered to any staff member requesting it. If you have any problem with any action taken by a staff member you may take the matter up with the Chief of Security or Anthrocon's Chairman. We shall make every attempt to be fair and lenient in the case of infractions, but we cannot tolerate behavior which threatens the peace and well-being of our members.

Anthrocon accepts no liability for events or actions by individuals in the confines of private hotel rooms. Anyone intending to host a party is strongly suggested to check for Anthrocon badges on party goers and to deny entrance to any person who is not a member of the convention. Responsibility for incidents occurring in hotel guest rooms rests solely upon the individual in whose name the room is rented. This includes payment for any and all damage, whether caused intentionally or unintentionally (such as from hanging something on a sprinkler head; don't do that). Please note that if Anthrocon is provided with sufficient evidence to suggest that illegal activities, particularly those that may cause harm to another person or to the well-being of the convention as a whole, will be taking place in a hotel room, we have both a civic and a moral responsibility to report such information to the appropriate authorities.

Please be reminded that these rules involve, of course, "worst case" scenarios and are put into place to ensure the safety and comfort of our members. We anticipate no difficulties, as our members as a whole are rational and responsible adults. Anthrocon is prepared to deal with any or all of the above scenarios in as rapid and efficient a manner as possible should they occur. We thank our members for their past cooperation and for their continued assistance in making this a safe and enjoyable experience for everyone. Have fun; just please remember to be courteous of those around you while doing so!

Dr. Samuel Conway
Chairman, Anthrocon Inc.

It Came From The Jungle!


© Wolfie Darkwolfie

Capybara

Having house mice chittering in your walls and stealing your cheese may be the least of your pet feline's worries.. The largest rodent in the world, the Capybara, can grow to over four feet long and weight up to 140 lbs. Semi-aquatic, the 'water hog' is a fine swimmer and feeds on grasses, water plants, fruits, and tree bark. Its range extends over much of South America, in densely forested areas near lakes, rivers, streams, and swamps, and for this your housecat is quite relieved.

CREDITS

Alex 'Leonidus' Krumwiede
Security
[A skilled and hard-working staffer who didn't submit a biography.]

AlphaWolf
Dance/AV
Hailing from the sunny lands of "The O.C.", this guy does his best to make California a little weirder every day. Working at one of Southern California's largest museums, he's the guy that works behind the scenes to ensure everyone has an enjoyable time. After the years spent working at Anthrocon, he's learned a lot that he relies on every day. He would never give this up, let anyone down, run about in a manner that may cause injury, or spread falsehoods meant to cause emotional distress.

Amaruq
Internet Room
Hiding out from a day job in IT, Amaruq's back for yet another year. He found Furry here at Anthrocon in 2000. A wolf who enjoys a little wine, woodworking (scrollsaw), and entertaining two adopted Siberian Huskies.

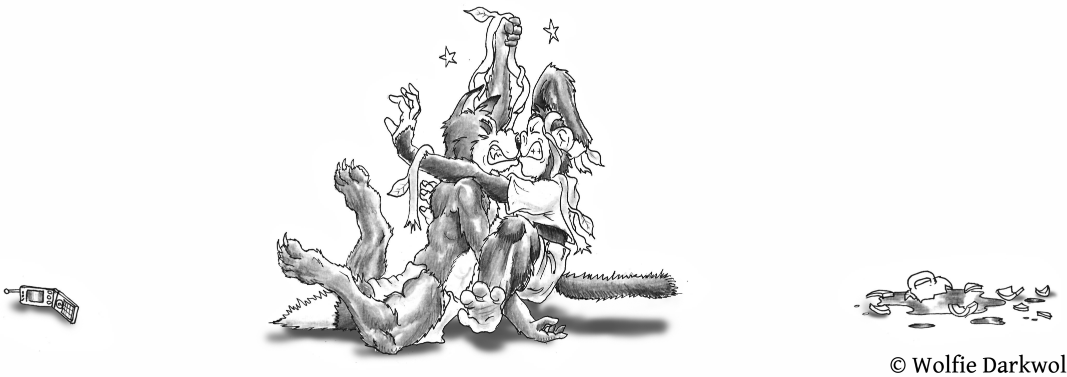
Amber Lionflame
Art Show
This will be my second year as Art Show staff, and I've been attending AC since 2001. I'm looking forward to a great con, as always.

Anne Passovoy, D. I.
Security
[A skilled and hard-working staffer who didn't submit a biography.]

Arcticwolf
Art Show
Arcticwolf is a charter member who has been on staff every year since the first Albany Anthrocon in 1997. "Helping out has always been one of the best ways to meet others, make new friends, and make the con a better one for everyone," he explains. "It's a great way to give back to the fandom. I encourage everyone, newcomers included, to contribute even an hour or two of their time; we never have too many volunteers!"

Ashe
Publications
Again, this tiger is back, and again, he has worked on the Dining Guide. He's either insane or a glutton for punishment. Look for him suiting around the con, teaching panels on writing, or just hanging out in general. If you're lost and you find him, don't worry — he'll point you in the right direction. He knows his way around.

Ashley "Zannah" Holohan
AV
Zannah is an artist and costumer, is married to Nius, and has been working for Anthrocon on the video crew since 2005.



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Becca
Security
[A skilled and hard-working staffer who didn't submit a biography.]

Bill
Registration
Bill (Retired, United States Navy CPO) just moved to Georgia from Tennessee where he's employed with CSC. This is his first Anthrocon. Somehow, his son roped him into this craziness... I meant fun...yeah, that is what I meant.

Bookie
Security
[A skilled and hard-working staffer who didn't submit a biography.]

Brandon "Richek" Keller
Registration
A psychology student finishing up his undergraduate work before moving on to a Ph.D program. Currently beginning research project into alternative Post Traumatic Stress Syndrome treatments.

Brian Harris
Board of Directors (Charity Auction/Dance/AV/ Masquerade)
Brian Harris, originally from Rochester, NY, has been active in the fan community since 1992. He helped found Anthrocon in Albany, NY when he was a student at SUNY Albany and now resides in Leesburg, VA. He has directed the Anthrocon Charity Auction for eleven years, the Masquerade for ten years, and this will be his eighth year as DJ.

CajunFox
Dealers' Room
Becoming a familiar face as Dealers' Room staff. Don't be afraid to say "hi" to this friendly hawaiian-shirt-wearing fox. Famous for all the wrong reasons, he may not be perfect, but at least he's Canadian. ;)

Carol Gobeyn, D.I.
Security
Carol Gobeyn was an orphan, raised by cows in the wilds of upstate New York, and her instincts at protecting the herd translate well to working security. Not really, but it sounds much better than "she was born in California and moved to New York at an early age, where she did raise cows and four daughters." She does work security as a Dorsai Irregular, but is happier when sewing and playing with her two grandkids.

Cheetah
AV
Tawny spotty blur! Cheetah leads the video production crew most often found in the Spirit of Pittsburgh Ballroom. During the convention he also operates the KF4RRY Furry Hams amateur radio repeater. One also might catch him dabbling in blinky glowy electronics, diving or playing Robin Hood at the archery range. In real life, he's usually cruising at FL370.

Chris Clayton, D.I.
Security
[A skilled and hard-working staffer who didn't submit a biography.]

Chris Saia (Frostbite)
Artists' Alley/Con Store
Yip! This is Frosty's third year attending Anthrocon and his second year working staff for Artists' Alley. He comes to AC by way of Amtrak from the Boston area, home of the 2007 World Series Champion Boston Red Sox. When he's not following the ballgame, he can probably be found trying to escape his day job to hang out with his fellow Boston furs. He'll also be at FurFright in October and MFF in November.

creature
Charity Auction/Masquerade
Shut up, Donnie.

Crimson
AV
[A skilled and hard-working staffer who didn't submit a biography.]

Dan Jarrell
Security
I've been in fandom since Torcon II in 1973. I have enjoyed both reading and writing furry fiction since the 1980s. This will be my second Anthrocon and my first as a member of the D.I.

Dan R. Hauschild (Takaza J. Wolf)
Operations
See Takaza! See Takaza help! Help, Takaza, help!

Takaza has been working with other conventions for what seems like forever (okay, so only ten years or so) but loves helping others out to ensure they enjoy their convention experience. Taki's day job involves herding data for a worldwide conglomerate company, just don't spin it.

Dari
Registration
Dari resides in Phoenix, AZ and works for a "small" company called IMAX. Aside from schooling he spends far too much time doing absolutely nothing. This is his third Anthrocon (93rd in spirit). His fursona is a blue bay gryphon. Some of you may know him as the voice of Emobird from the *2 Sense* show.

Darkclaw
Internet Room
Darkclaw has been helping/hassling Tigerwolf with the running of Anthrocon's internet room since 2000. A FurryMUCKer since 1997, Darkclaw can still be found there today, snuffling around for much-needed Wolf_Snax™. A regular visitor to the USA, Darkclaw resides in Skegness, England.

DataHawk
Dealers' Room
Back for another year of fun and excitement.

DaveQat
Operations
[A skilled and hard-working staffer who didn't submit a biography.]

David M "Skippy" Stein, D.I.
Security
((This Space Intentionally Left Non-Blank))

Decker
Operations
http:/www.flickr.com/photos/hawkstudios/2381982604/in/photostream

Demise
Security
Tall, Pale, and Furry.

dester'edra
Art Show
[A skilled and hard-working staffer who didn't submit a biography.]

DJ DragonBoy
Dance/AV
[A skilled and hard-working staffer who didn't submit a biography.]

Douglas Muth (Giza)
Board of Directors (Operations)
Gul leopard er 100% usynlig. Lydløs og snigende som en Japansk ninja. Faktum! Brintbombe? Nej tak! Furries? *Yes siiir!*

Ed Holohan (Nius)
AV
Ed is the Production Manager for Neofelis Communications. At Anthrocon, you'll find him in the Spirit of Pittsburgh Ballroom keeping the camera crew fed and watered. Outside the walls of the DLCC, he is a Telecommunications Research Engineer at Virginia Tech, a ham radio operator (KI4HWK), an Internet junkie, a satellite enthusiast, and a geek.

Edward "Quazy" Guida
Security
Engineer by day, convention staffer by night. *He is... Quazy!*

Eric Long, D.I.
Security
Here I am for number seven. I just keep coming back for more.

Erik Noble
Art Show
Spouse and chief minion to Hugmonster and general Art Show junkie.

Erika (Chilly) Rosengarten
Operations
Erika is a professional illustrator from Long Island, New York. Past work of hers includes painted displays for Trader Joe's (Falls Church, Virginia), commercial graphics for Ledo Pizza, and *anthrocon.org*'s 2006 through 2008 web layouts. Recently relocated to Central Virginia, she is also occasionally a silly puppy and skunk for children of all ages. Please visit *www.mynameis.org/illustrations* or chillymouse@gmail.com

Falbert Forester
Art Show
Falbert is a Maine Coon feline from northern Maine. He migrates south each summer for Anthrocon, then returns to where it's not as hot!

Fox Connor
AV
[A skilled and hard-working staffer who didn't submit a biography.]

Furp
Operations
Hey kids, do you like <product>? Then you're going to love Alabama ma— Furp the staffer! He's quick, he's strong, he's active! You can take Furp to the furry con where he drinks heavily and frightens easily from loud noises! He can duck, he can drink, he can drink some more, it's Furp the staffer! Enough with the satires of fake products, he hails this time from the far off land of Iraq, where he now has 100% more vowels in his locale of work!

Gen. Talon
Dance/AV
The army veteran otter from Michigan returns to help rush around with the audio visual crew once again.

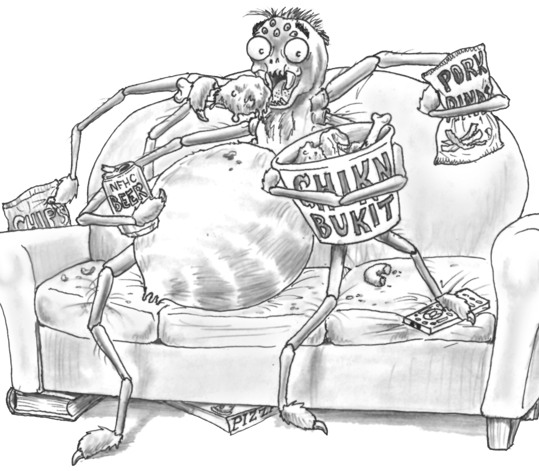
Gerry Felipe
Security
Has been fan of science fiction fandom for over thirty years & friends with some of the Dorsai. Real world life: IT professional.

Gir Tygrin
Operations
I started *www.michiganfurs.com*, run most of the MiFur events, and am chairman of Furry Connection North. I figured I might as well add one more task to my life so I'm helping out here.

Gizmo_nine
Art Show
Continuing to prove that work can be fun.

Hawkeye
Security
An SF fan since grade school, first convention Noreascon 1 in 1971. Joined the D.I. as Yang and the Originals came down off the DisCon 1 stage. I'm a happy grunt, can work any role on a contract. I'm an auctioneer and a trainer of auctioneers. I'm a practicing Internal Medicine physician with three years of ER experience. Been there. Done that. Got more?

It Came From The Jungle!



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Goliath Bird-eating Spider

The Theraphosa Blondi, also known as the Goliath Bird-Eating Spider, is the largest spider in the world. Named by explorers from the Victorian era who witnessed one eating a hummingbird and reported the sighting to the Western World, the Goliath is a member of the tarantula family and makes its home in marshy and swampy areas. Despite its name, the Goliath Birdeater does not normally eat birds, rather preferring to dine on invertebrates such as crickets, moths and mealworms, as well as small vertebrates such as frogs, mice, and lizards. Some say that its varied diet, and generally large volume of ingested calories, give this spider its 'Goliath' moniker.

Heathyr Lamb
Security
Heathyr Lamb lives in Sunny Florida with her daughter Eleanore and husband Colin. She runs a daycare for the elderly which gives her a great deal of experience in dealing with crisis situations and ornery people. She is short — which means she is very dangerous.

Heidi Pilewski
Art Show
I've been involved, in various areas, with running Confluence, Pittsburgh's literary science fiction, fantasy, and horror conference, for about seventeen years. For the past five years I've been co-director of the Confluence Art Show and also involved with the Parallax Second Players that put on a musical parody at the conference. I'm fond of dragons, especially Falkor, the luck dragon from Neverending Story. I'm excited to be helping out with Anthrocon's Art Show this year!

Ishkabibel Mouse
Art Show
In days of yore, we of Albany fur-fandom ran a MUCK and filled Aloyen's apartment every Halloween with hair and hugs. Then a thought came to us and we said "Yes, let's start a convention." And it was fun.

Ishkabibel, or "Mouse" as she prefers, helped out during the Albany Anthrocons as Assistant Organizing Director, erstwhile security, hotel liaison, and even emergency web designer. Which really means she liked to help out wherever she could. Lately she's been having a romantic fling with RL that has given her a mortgage, a husband, and a two-year-old son who loves Muppets and cats. And so a new generation begins.

J Frankel
Programming
Another year, another puppet stage. Come join me again in the puppetorium for a chance to learn, practice, and enjoy puppetry. When not at work as a social worker or accountant, I can be found at meets or busy rebuilding the stage, rebuilding my fursuits, or adding to my collection of furry. Anthrocon 2008 marks the seventh anniversary of my becoming a practicing furry.

James "ShiroTora" Eden
Art Show
James Eden, better known to some as ShiroTora, is an anthropomorphic white tiger cleverly disguised as an unusually tall human. He amuses himself and others with photo-manipulations, creating amusing buttons, and face- and body-painting. When not tormenting his fellow con-goers with puns, he'll most likely be found helping out in the Art Show or selling his buttons in Artists' Alley. Before this sentence, he'd used only 63 of his 75-word limit.

James J. Walton, D.I.
Security
Craft brewed beers, single malt scotches, women, reading science fiction and fantasy, reading manga and watching anime, good food, classic rock and roll and the blues, computer/video gaming, attending and running conventions, the Dorsai Irregulars, surfing the Internet, photography, and, hmm. This list could go on and on. These are a few of my favorite things.

James Kelley
Registration
[A skilled and hard-working staffer who didn't submit a biography.]

JBadger
Programming
I am a 47 year old Software Engineer from Long Island, a graduate of SUNY Stony Brook in 1983, and have been involved in different fandoms since about that time. I started to notice furry fandom a short time later as I started to go to "furry" parties and got a few catalogs from Mailbox Books from the days when Ed used to go to SF cons here in the Northeast. I also joined the staff of a few local cons, first as a volunteer and then as staff, mostly doing grunt work, setup, or logistics, and I have been on the board of an SF con in the past.

Jenna Hoyer
Security
Biology geekette, I have enjoyed fandom for sixteen years now. Mostly I roam about the Michigan cons, but can be spotted as far north as Toronto and as far south as Texas. Caution: Cheerful morning person not deterred by growling morning bears.

Jessie Tracer / Electric Keet
Publications
115g superheroics
220g raw surrealism
40g patience
1 Corsac fox pelt
10mL wonder
220g all-purpose creativity
2g puzzle-solving
2g video-gaming
3g determination
250g love (buni-flavour preferred)

Preheat world to 20°C. In a medium bowl, combine personality traits. Blend in favourite activities until smooth. Sift together the love and wonder; stir into the mixture. Finally, pour mixture into pelt. Bake for 28 to 30 years. Place in Seattle until ready. Serves all.

Joan T Fisher
Security
[A skilled and hard-working staffer who didn't submit a biography.]

John "Bear" Hall, D.I.
Security
Bear is one of the many bearded, balding and, er, burly Dorsai Irregulars at Anthrocon. He's grey around the muzzle, but he's a cub at heart. Despite thirty-three years in Science Fiction fandom, twenty years in the D.I., and seven Anthrocons, he's back again in a red shirt, doing security duty. (He's a slow learner.) Often found with his mate, Froggie, who also wears a red shirt.

John "K.P." Cole
Board of Directors (Programming)
K.P. has been the Anthrocon Programming Director since 2005. He is also the Master of Ceremonies for this year's Masquerade. Originally from Houston, Texas, he now makes his home in Orlando, Florida. He is a fursuiter and a puppeteer on the Funday Pawpet Show. He also regularly performs at local children's charities in central Florida.

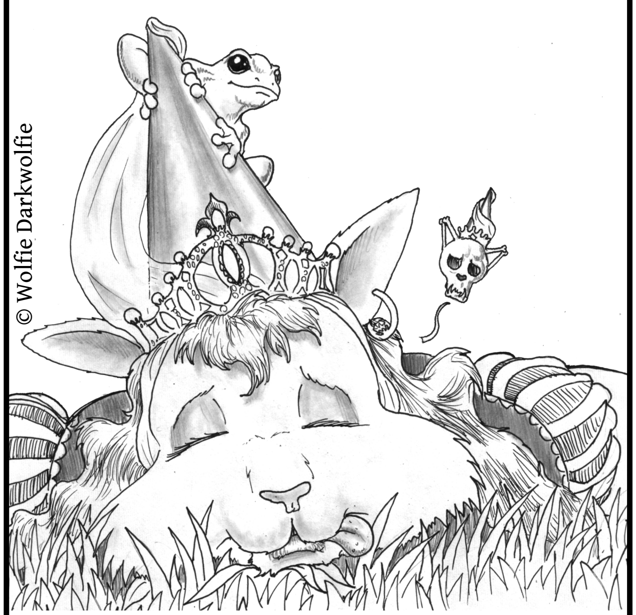
John (Joatmon) Lindgren
Art Show
I have been into animation since I saw my first cartoon in 1963. I just wish I had a little artistic talent so I could make my own. I've been repairing medical equipment for over thirty years. Working in the medical field can get so depressing. I need this con to rejuvenate for another year.

Josh "Jadedfox" Strom
Gaming
The not-so-local video game nut, now with more California. Yeah, my company moved me to Los Angeles, so I'm actually learning a new setting and new job. It's cool, but it's stressful. I've been VG lead for way too long, so if you have gaming questions, look me up! I'm here to help — video games or table-top!

Justin P. Reese — The Sonic God
Registration
A long-time fur for over 20 years, I've always been very much fascinated with the furry community. I'm also a geek like many furs are, big fan of the Macintosh. Anthrocon to this date is still by far my favourite furry convention, and I love being part of it!

Kagur
Registration
Kagur, a librarian and martial artist, has been attending Anthrocon since 1999. He volunteered and evolved into Registration staff in 2001. His next incarnation is unknown, but he enjoys furry cons and can usually be found on the West Coast.

It Came From The Jungle!



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Poison Dart Frog

Indigenous to the steamy rain forests of Colombia, the Phyllobate Terribilis secretes toxins from its skin which hunters from the Choco Embera people use to coat their darts in order to dispatch their prey. Also known as the Golden Poison Dart frog, Phyllobate Terribilis has enough toxins in its skin glands to kill up to 15,000 mice, 10 to 20 men, and countless princesses.

Kalynda Braithwate
Security
[A skilled and hard-working staffer who didn't submit a biography.]

Karen Klinck
Hospitality
[A skilled and hard-working staffer who didn't submit a biography.]

Karl Jorgensen (Xydexx Squeakypony)
Board of Directors (Publications)
Karl has been an enthusiastic participant in furry fandom since 1993, and an attendee of every Anthrocon since its beginning in 1997. Always happy to help out, this is his fifth year serving as Publications Director. In his free time — what little he has — he enjoys riding his recumbent bicycle and exploring abandoned buildings.

Kasi Frost
Operations
Kasi Frost is a freelance IT/web consultant and furry/anime/costuming convention staffer from Bristol, Connecticut. Kasi enjoys costume design, pop-alt culture (rave, goth, scf-fi/fantasy), and small business projects. Her personal interest in fantasy costuming, photography, emerging culture, and travel make her a community resource for networking and collaboration for newcomers to kigurumi and furry.

Kat Hunt
Security
This is Kat's first Anthrocon. She is very excited to be here!

Katja the Jesting
Dance/AV
Mini-bio?

Problem is, some villain put this great big obsidian slab on my writing desk. It shimmers in the low light. Shapes like faces and hands keep twisting in its depths, silently screaming. One moment it is cold to the touch, the next burning hot. It doesn't feel like stone at all - it feels like bone.

Why couldn't I get a *regular* writer's block?

Kay Jarrell, D.I.
Security
Kay is a returning security staff member from Anthrocon in 2006. Working as a rover that year I only had to walk 6 more miles each day to get 15 miles of training for the Breast Cancer 3-Day Walk! Anthrocon attendees were great fun and cooperative beings in general. I am a proud new member of the Dorsai Irregulars, helping keep Anthrocon safe, legal, and fun since time immemorial.

Ken Huckle (Anthro Wolf)
Art Show
Yep, back for yet another fun-filled, furry year. Be afraid, be very afraid. >:3 Also, don't hesitate to come up and chat with me. :D

Kess
Dealers' Room
...is made of awesome.

Kevin Kane (Leo)
AV
After a few years in the gulag of registration, Leo has at last managed to escape and land right back on staff on the Video crew. So rather than stay up all Wednesday night stuffing swag bags, he'll be staying up all night running cables through hallways and stairwells. When he's not at cons, he works for a large Seattle-based software company during the day to support his two cats.

Kristina Tracer
Publications/Programming
[23] And then I opened the third seal, the seal of the West, of Water, of Venus. And then came the awesome and staggering B'NEH, white-furred, bearing fluttering ribbons of unearthly blue about Her limbs.

[24] Beside Her stood Her consort PHAH-KSYI, and accompanying them were their three attendants: MELCHAI, EN-HROP, and DYAMON. At their feet scuttled all manner of crazed thing, and about their swollen heads flew indescribable beasts that cried and fluttered.

[25] I averted my eyes from the sight, but I felt Her eyes upon me, and in my mind came wondrous, terrible thoughts, visions of worlds alien and surreal, ecstatic and horrifying, and I fell to my knees, trembling and afraid.

Laurence "GreenReaper" Parry
Operations
When not bouncing around with a camera and taking notes for WikiFur, this long-haired, green-hued creature can be found in Ops, playing with the radios or rooting through the lost-badge box in search of shinies. Avoid feeding with cheese after midnight.

Lucky Dog
Programming
Owner of that big purple thing, Ooga Chaka. Lucky is an odd soul who loves to perform and make people smile.

M. Mitchell Marmel (Major Matt Mason)
Registration
MMM — the man, the myth, the legend. AC vet. Takes heart surgery to keep him from the con, but now his arteries have been Roto-Rootered and he's raring to go! He thinks. :D

Mach Stormrunner
Operations
Mach homebrews. He runs. He does leathercraft and woodcraft. He games and reads stacks of books. Is he insane? Does he have a massive case of ADHD? The answer is *yes!* In fact he ofte— Wait... what was I saying? I— Ohhr! *Shiny!* *runsoff*

Mark Bernstein, D.I.
Security
Mark Bernstein has been hanging around science fiction fandom since 1973 and has been a member of the Dorsai Irregulars since 2002. Anthrocon 2007 was his first furry con. He's back this year. Insanity? Or sinister plot?

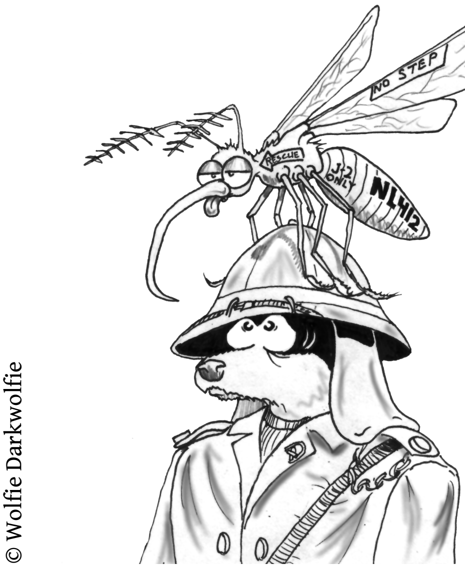
Mark Osier
Security
Mark has been attending Anthrocon as long as the Dorsai Irregulars have been providing security for the convention. However, every time he thinks he's seen it all, Anthrocon surprises him.

Marnie Gucciard
Security
Marnie is happy to be returning to Anthrocon this year as the second-newest D.I. This is her fifth year working Security at Anthrocon, and while she's happy to be back, her feet aren't so sure. In her day job, she is a forensic accountant and fraud investigator.

Max Sprinkle
Security
This is Max's second annual Anthrocon. Max does the security gig for "fun" and to give him a good(?) excuse to drink fine scotch and hang out with his extended "family." In the real, mundane world, Max is a carpenter by day, jeweler by night, and an avid weekend paintballer. He'll be in one of the bright red shirts and a kilt, so stop by and say "Hi!"

Melissa Clemmer
Hospitality
Transplanted Southerner here, certified biblioholic, and one who is eager to get back to Pittsburgh to see all our good friends from last year. Having been to many SF and Media cons, Anthrocon provides a delightfully different experience. We're sure that this year will provide an another amazing adventure.

It Came From The Jungle!



Mosquito Hawks

Toxorhynchites, also referred to as Mosquito Hawks, is the largest species of Mosquito, with a wingspan up to 12mm and a body length of over 7mm. Adults are frequently covered with iridescent scales and the proboscis has a pronounced 90 degree downward curve, a hook which could scare many a horror movie fan. Harmless to humans, Toxorhynchites larvae prey on the larvae of other mosquitos, particularly the larvae of Aedes Aegypti which has been known to spread malaria and dengue fever. Even so, with this helpful predator in your corner, it may not be enough to give up your gin and quinine (with a lime, of course)!

Mike "Gooch" Gucciard, D.I.
Security
Mike has been part of the Security staff for the last six years of Anthrocon. This year he comes newly energized, as he was inducted into the Dorsai Irregulars early this year. "Anthrocon is a fixture on my calendar, great staff, friendly cooperative attendees, a real pleasure to serve."

Congratulations to Doug "Giza" Muth and my dear wife Marnie who were inducted into the D.I. with me this year — Shai Dorsai!

Mike Garrison
Security
I have the great pleasure of working with Sgt. Steve at the University of Michigan. One day, I was invited to work security with the Dorsai and it's been all downhill since!

Minty Freshness of Nevermint
Programming
Umm.... *no.*

Mrianti
Charity Auction/Masquerade
Loves fursuits.

Nemet (Patrick Casey)
Dealers' Room
A frequent servant to fate, Nemet has been working for Anthrocon in the Dealers' Room for a few years now, and finds it rather enjoyable. He's a graduate of the University of Western Ontario, which is located in his hometown of London, Ontario, Canada, where he resides to this day attempting to figure out how he fits in to the grand scheme of things.

Norman Rafferty
Gaming/Hospitality/Publications
In Asia, Norman Rafferty was native to forests and brushy areas. Today, however, Rafferty finds preferred habitat to be alongside the rapid expansion of the human population. Norman occupies a variety of habitats including garbage dumps, sewers, open fields and woodlands, basements, and nearly anywhere else that food and shelter might be found. Anywhere that humans are located, Rafferty will most likely follow.

Norman has been working for Anthrocon since 1999.

Nrasser
AV
A keeper of the sacred twiddle stick, this snowmeow may be found among the various bits of techie stuff in the main ballroom. =^^=

Panzier
Internet Room
Cons, a great way to meet folks from all over! Been wandering around and attending as many as I can, and every one has its own unique moments. Hope to see you all there, stop by and say hello! Working the interweb tubes and doing a bit of suiting about.

Patrick "Dabear" Tabb
Security
[A skilled and hard-working staffer who didn't submit a biography.]

Paul (Linnaeus) Lester
Operations
Linnaeus has been involved in the fandom in one sense or another for roughly ten years. Along the way he has served as chair for Midwest FurFest and helped out at other conventions where the need has arisen. While online, he pretends to be a raccoon, which is honestly a bit of an exaggeration.

PeterCat Kappesser
Board of Directors (Art Show)
Intrigued by the late-80s CBS series *Beauty and the Beast*, PeterCat discovered SF conventions and began helping out at art shows. He's Anthrocon's representative to the Anthropomorphic Literature and Arts Association which administers the Ursa Major Awards *(www.ursamajorawards.org).* He also runs the Furry InfoPage web site *www.tigerden.com/infopage* and, using the professional name Peter Katt, has started a career as freelance voice talent *(peterkattvoice.com).*

Phaedra "Wyldekyttin" Meyer
Board of Directors (Dealers' Room)
Mostly harmless. Well, mostly.

Rachel Owens (a.k.a. Pathia)
Programming
This year marks the tenth Anthrocon for this dragon; only being underage at the time kept her away from the first. It took a whole eight years for a staff infection to develop, but such ailments are notoriously hard to cure. Perhaps it will take another decade to clear up, if not more!

Rama
Artists' Alley/Con Store
Answering the call of Duncan again, Rama returns to help out in the Artists' Alley. In the furry community since 1997, he also staffs many other conventions, including MFM, FWA, and MFF. He currently resides in St. Louis, Missouri with his partner and their dog.

RB
Programming
A helpful bear from Kansas that's back for another year of staffing.

Renegade, D.I.
Security
The story that I was raised by wolves is an exaggeration; they were really wolverines. Now that

we live in Michigan, this seems somehow appropriate. Nor did I kill and eat my young; this is easily proved as Heathyr and Bookie are both my daughters and are still here. I've been attending SF cons since '75 and was inducted into the Dorsai in '77. This will be my seventh year heading up Anthrocon Security.

Robert "Chiaroscuro" Armstrong
Board of Directors (Registration)
Nine years working Anthrocon Registration. My, how the time flies. Chiaroscuro Lyle Themyst (Chiaroscuro Mounier on SL) continues to reside in Connecticut, working at Foxwoods Resort*Casino, and cooking a dang fine pasta primavera.

♪ *It goes like this, the fourth, the fifth, the minor fall and the major lift.* ♪

Rooth
Artists' Alley/Con Store
Rooth, a.k.a. Rooth'ragon or Rooth'roo, has been a member of the community since 1990. He has attended many conventions and volunteered at AC only since 2006. He loves deserts, artwork, and costumes, particularly of the dragon or kangaroo variety. He lives solo in beautiful Colorado, where he works as a senior IT professional. Find him near Artists' Alley as a blue-maned, white dragon with a fuzzly tail tip.

Rukario
Programming
A kind hearted wolf/jackal who loves to meet new furs and make new friends. Rukario enjoys fine dining, the furry community, computers, travel, and culture. Like his namesake, Rukario believes in always keeping an open mind and an unsequestered heart.

Ryan Bruce
Dealers' Room
An arctic fox from London.

Sam Conway, Sr.
Artists' Alley/Con Store/Hospitality
Happily retired. Enjoys sports, puttering around the house, and furs.

Sandy Schreiber
Security
Sandy has been a fan of SF and comics for more years than she cares to count. She has been a professional fantasy and comics artist for most of that time and has in recent years joined the ranks of furry artists.

"Sgt." Steve Simmons, D.I.
Security
"Sgt." Steve Simmons is a husband of thirty years, a father, a grandfather, the past president of SAGE and of the Dorsai Irregulars, a sysadmin, a research programmer, a singer/songwriter, tall, and somewhat overweight. He loves single-malt scotch, microbrews, steak, cheese, and the Steel City Diner. His favorite anecdotes usually contain the two lines "It seemed like a good idea at the time" and "Copious amounts of alcohol were involved." This is his sixth Anthrocon.

Shadowwulf
Dance/AV
Insert useful information here....

Shy Matsi
Artists' Alley/Con Store
Shy Matsi comes to Anthrocon from New Jersey. He's been in the furry community since 1995 and is very active. Shy regularly attends furry conventions throughout the year and enjoys volunteering. He is the convention chair for FA:United and is a registration staff member at Midwest FurFest. Shy is happy to be a part of Anthrocon 2008!

Smrgol
Art Show
Smrgol has been attending AnthroCon since 1999 and has been on the Art Show Staff since 2001.

Space Dingo
Artists' Alley/Con Store/Dealers' Room/ Registration
Space Dingo spends too much time in a small town on Lake Michigan playing video games and working out. He enjoys meeting new people, having intelligent conversations, and working up a good sweat playing various sports and hobbies. You should say hi to him, as he's new to cons. *hint hint*

Stahi
Charity Auction/Masquerade
I'm still the Juggernaut, except with a little Iko Iko on the side this time around. *Space is fun! Never forget that.*

Steve Hopps (Simba Lion)
Board of Directors (Dance/AV)
Steve has been a part of the Furry Fandom since 1996. A strong desire to give back to the community has followed his involvement, begining with the creation of the MIFur community in the mid 1990s and continuing with his volunteer work for Midwest FurFest and Anthrocon. He joined Anthrocon in 2001 as a volunteer for Triggur's A/V department. By the end of the weekend, he had spent more time in the ballroom than anyplace else in the convention and was asked to join the department. After 2005's convention, Triggur stepped down as Director of A/V, allowing Steve to succeed him.

Steve Hoyer
Security
Against the assault of laughter nothing can stand. —Mark Twain, *The Mysterious Stranger*

Steven "Tora" Sears
Charity Auction/Masquerade
[A skilled and hard-working staffer who didn't submit a biography.]

Stria
Programming
[A skilled and hard-working staffer who didn't submit a biography.]

Swift Fox
Operations
Swift Fox has been an active member of the fandom for over a decade, volunteering his time to Anthrocon and other fur cons by sharing games and astronomy with fellow fans. As the director of the Western PA Furry Weekend, Swift has been promoting charity and fellowship among the Pittsburgh and regional furs. Swift mascots for his local volunteer fire department to help promote fire safety and awareness when he's not fighting fires himself.

Tango
Operations
Back at it again!

T'Chall
Operations
A male, anthropomorphic fox, T'Chall has been working on staff at Anthrocon from back in the days when the convention was held at the Hilton Valley Forge. Back again for another year, he's looking forward to working in Con Ops once more. He still has a fondness for shrinking potions.

The Foxish
Dealers' Room
Another year, another con, another Dealers' Room, and that means another The Foxish. Well, technically it's the same one, with the same over-a-decade in the Fandom, the same random geekery, and the same hardcore dedication to bringing you, the attendee, the best gosh darn Dealers' Room in the industry! That, and he really likes vacation time.

Tigerwolf (George Nemeyer)
Board of Directors (Internet Room)
Though a 'furry' inside since a kid, the Internet revealed others in 1993. Tigerden was founded in 1994 in part to contribute something back to the fandom. Since then, we've provided Internet room setups for various furry cons, web and MUCK hosting, and individual accounts for those lacking other facilities.

Tina
Security
I am a member of the Dorsai and this will be my fifth year working at Anthrocon. I also display art in the art show. I love the fun and the high energy of this con and look forward to coming again this year.

Tom Brady (Duncan da Husky)
Artists' Alley/Con Store
Tom Brady returns to Anthrocon for his fourth year managing the Artists' Alley and Con Store. Tom is a ten-year veteran of furry fandom, and lives in the far northern Chicago suburbs with his husband, Takaza J. Wolf. In his copious spare time, he is chairman for a little shindig called Midwest FurFest. When not immersed in the minutiae of furry conventions, Tom is a chemical engineer for a large pharmaceutical company that puts sugar water in little plastic bags.

Tricia Noble (a.k.a. Hugmonster)
Art Show
I am an Art Show fan and Disney fanatic. This is my first Anthrocon so please be kind.

Tyler A. Jaffray
Dealers' Room
Not actually a furry or in any way a part of the fandom.

Tyrrlin
Registration
Tyrrlin has been a volunteer for Anthrocon since her first attendance in 2005. This is her first year as staff and she'll be one of the happy smiling faces greeting you at Registration!

Uncle Kage
Board of Directors (Chairman)
Chairman and CEO of Anthrocon, Inc. since 1998. Dartmouth-educated chemist and author of both scientific publications and Furry fiction. Most noted for "Uncle Kage's Story Hour," a stage performance which he has performed worldwide since the time of the dinosaurs.

Uncle Vlad
Dealers' Room
[A skilled and hard-working staffer who didn't submit a biography.]

White_Wer
Hospitality
Just a busy con-goer for the past 8 years at Anthrocon. Usually volunteer in some manner or another each year. Figured it was time I actually sit on staff considering last year I put in over 40 hours in the Super Sponsor Suite. Always a fairly busy individual. Has run panels and a furry *Rocky Horror Picture Show* several years ago.

Wilma Conway
Artists' Alley/Con Store/Hospitality
Also known as "Grandma Kage." Can most often be found helping out at the Con Store along with her loyal sidekick, "Grandpa Kage."

Wolfie Darkwolfie
Publications
Wolfie has been a member of the conbook publications staff for several years now as parole has been denied numerous times. An artist/writer/musician/cartoonist, he's still quite fond of a certain polar-bearess, loves the open road, and killed a man with his bare hands for a smidgen of smoky gouda.

Woody
Artists' Alley/Con Store
This urban mutt co-owns Evil Squirrel Comics in Chicago. And while owning a comics and gaming store *sounds* really kewl, in truth it leaves little time for actual reading of comics or playing of games. In what free time he does have, he enjoys biking, boating, camping, general geekery, road trips, roller coasters, urban exploration, and taking incriminating photos of himself and his friends while doing all of the above.

Yappy Fox
Programming
Yappy Fox has been leading the AC fursuit parade since AAC 1 in 1997. That annoying cymbal has been the annoying start of the parade that has grown in size to become one of the largest events at AC. He also has had his hand in puppeteering such as putting on the Funday Pawpet Show in previous years. Since getting his amateur radio license a couple years ago, he is now also putting on the Radio Fox Hunts during the con.

Zacky
Security
[A skilled and hard-working staffer who didn't submit a biography.]

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Gentium Basic and Gentium Book Basic are font families based on the original Gentium design, but with additional weights. The Gentium font families are freely available and may be used by anyone at no cost. They are released under the SIL Open Font License, a free and open source license that permits modification and redistribution. For more information visit *http://scripts.sil.org/Gentium*

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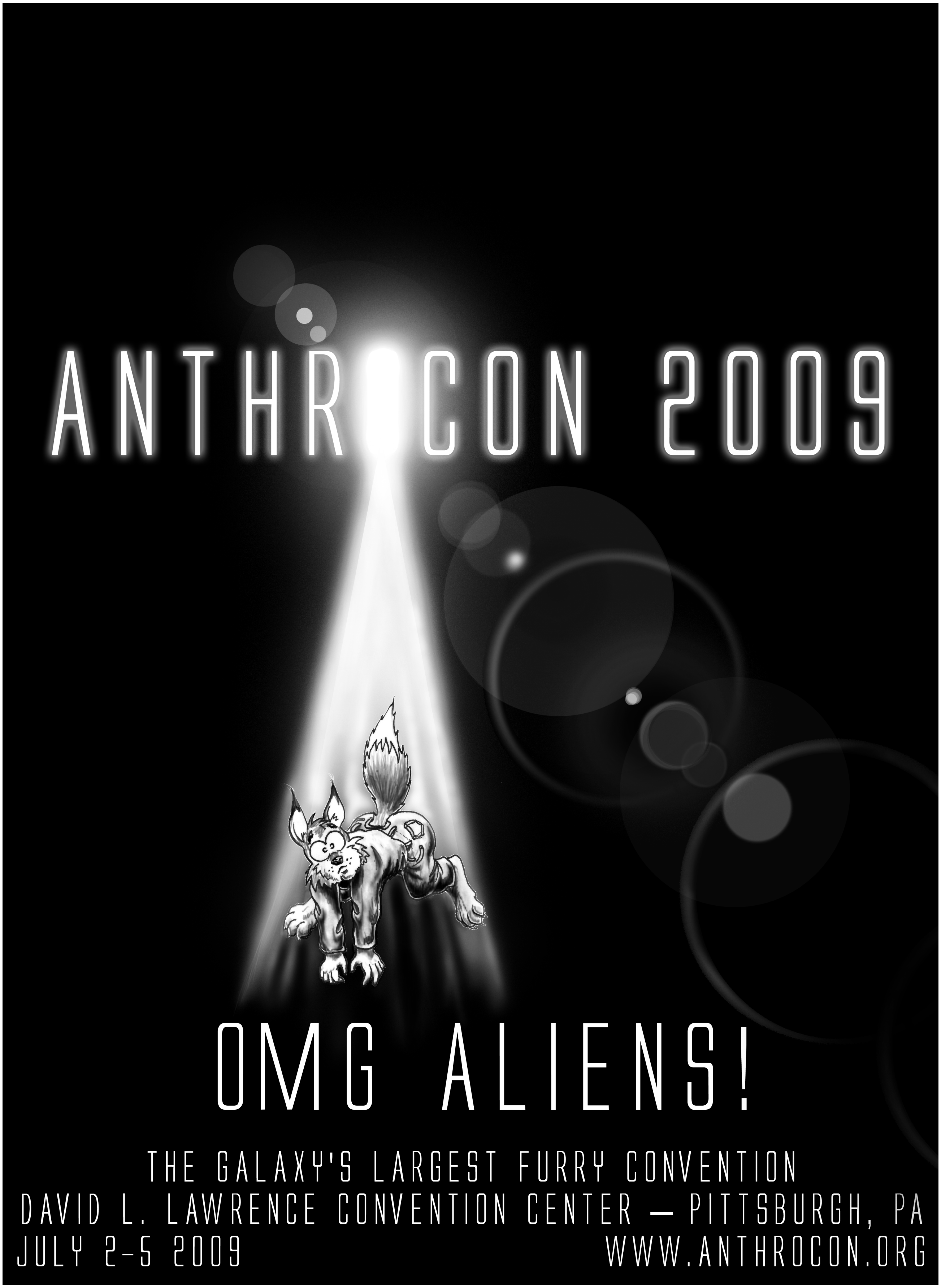

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